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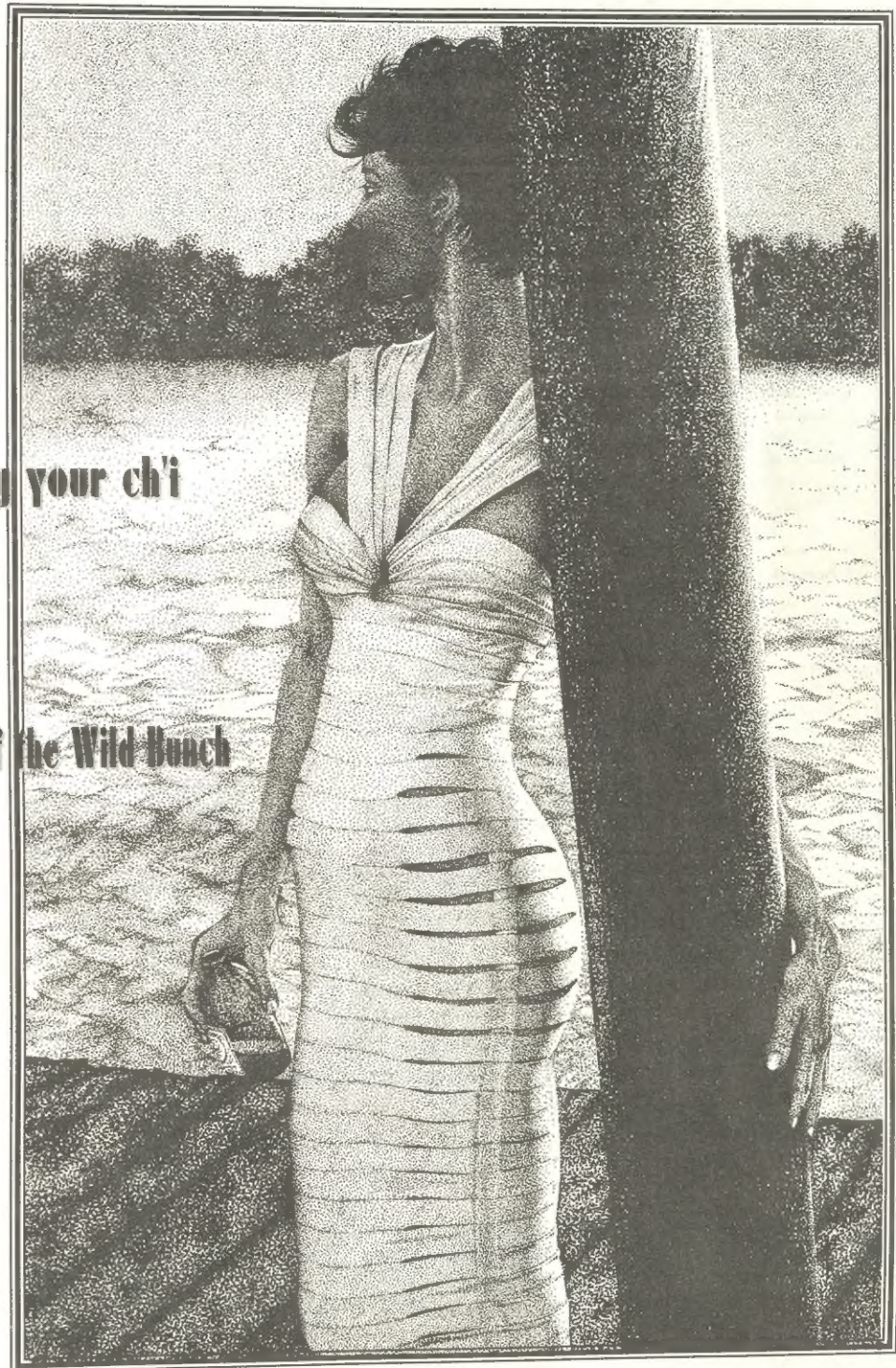
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# SouthPoint magazine

**Acupressure** — managing your ch'i  
a new series by bret etterlein

**Cowboy Joe** — the last of the Wild Bunch  
kerry ross boren

**Man - I Need a Job!**  
support from others

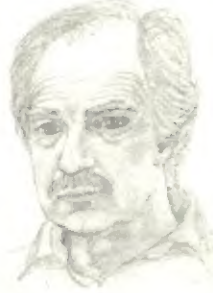




# SouthPoint

NOVEMBER 1992, VOLUME V—NUMBER 7

Graphic by Gary Cross



**W**HAT CAN I TELL YOU? I'm so weak I can hardly move my fingers over the keyboard. It's not old age that hampers my keystrokes. No, it comes from trying to get a jump-start in the morning from Crystal Light, a drink designed to cool you off and make you slim in the process.

You may ask why I would try a soft drink in the early hours when a more vigorous beverage is indicated. The answer, my friends, is written in commissary's response to my request for coffee—Keefe, Tasters, decaffeinated, Columbian, or French roast. "Out!"

I'm not sympathetic with those who have had their chips denied. All those trans-fatty acids, sodium, and hydrogenated oil can't possibly do you any good. And the vitamins? Come on, you get all you need in the culinary. You can use the \$5 to send your daughter a birthday card. But coffee? That's another matter entirely. Sure, it's not good for you. Coffee makes you nervous and jumpy, sometimes even bleary eyed. But it gets you to work on time and lures you into a false sense of well-being and capability; I overheard one of the supervisors of UCi complain about tardiness in his section during the latter part of September. Any guesses as to why this was the case? Steve deals with commissary woes briefly in "News & Miscellaneous."

Did Sam Peckinpaw get the ideas for his *Wild Bunch* from our own Kerry Ross Boren? Maybe Jack Steen, Draper's trivia expert, can give us some insight. In the meantime Kerry regales us with "Cowboy Joe—the last of the Wild Bunch," one of his more in depth character studies. Using his Irish moniker, O'Boran also entertains us with rare poetry in "If Solomon Were King."

Dean Christensen and Keith Jackson, two cartoonists new to the SouthPoint, amuse us in place of departed Kurt Kooyman, who is enjoying his quadruple-bunked sojourn at Lone Peak. On the first page of Draper Capers Dean and Keith present contrasting views on the best way to cope with an inmate's desire to vacate these premises. Keith's art has been featured on the magazine's covers off and on for the past three years.

Before reading Etterlein's "Accupressure" you probably couldn't manage your ch'i; you might have had trouble locating it. If you have trouble with headaches, however, or other stress-related difficulties, these techniques work. Recently departed Earl Dustin had his migraine moved by friend Al, who has studied accupressure. In Dustin's case Al manipulated pressure points in the hand; in moments the pain moved from the head to Earl's foot. He couldn't walk, but he got a good night's sleep.

This month we take a look at men at the Print Shop, our third installment in a monthly series on UCi operations. These are the men who make this magazine look as good as it does, but they work many other projects, often work overtime and Saturdays. Ade must be a great motivator; his crew is always smiling, always stapling, binding, pressing. Next month we'll cover the men working in the

*Continued on page 36*

The SouthPoint magazine accepts work from prison and other sources, and reserves the right to edit material. The magazine is neutral politically. Its purpose is to give inmates information about activities, to entertain, and to encourage awareness of principles that will help them to be productive, happy, and fulfilled. The opinions are those of the writers; they do not necessarily reflect those of the editor, nor the D.O.C.

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Warden	<b>Scott Carver</b>
Deputy Warden	<b>Fred Hurst</b>
Deputy Warden	<b>Hank Galetka</b>
Program Coordinator	<b>Mark Roberts</b>
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## SouthPoint magazine

Editor	<b>Tom Ossana</b>
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Correspondent	<b>Steve Pedersen</b>
Oquirrh Sports	<b>Bryant Wilson</b>
Wasatch Sports	<b>Julio Valdez</b>
Art	<b>Dean Christensen</b>
Chess Editor	<b>Mark Hofmann</b>



Kerry Boren's

# COWBOY JOE

## the last of the Wild Bunch

**W**HILE THUMBING through the letters to the editor section of my fall 1992 issue of *Old West* magazine, I was surprised to discover reference from a reader to an article I had written for *Westerner* magazine back in 1975. The article was an interview with Joseph Claude Marsters, an octogenarian friend of mine who just happened to be the last known survivor of Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch. The letter's author, Mr. Clyde Dykes of Doyle, California, claimed to have recently purchased a piece of ground near Doyle that was once part of Joe Marsters' old ranch. On that ground, according to Mr. Dykes, was a small cemetery plot containing the graves of Joe, his wife, Nellie, and a brother, Claude.

I have since heard directly from Mr. Dykes, who sent me photos of the graves, and memories of my old friend Cowboy Joe came flooding back. (It seemed appropriate to share a few of those memories in these pages.)

Joseph Claude Marsters was born at Tillamook, Oregon, near Portland, in 1894. In 1907, when Joe was a lad of thirteen, his best friend was his uncle, a young retarded youth in his early twenties. Some local fellows took advantage of the young man's simpleness to blame a local crime on him, and he was dragged away kicking and screaming, and summarily hanged. Joe had followed, and he witnessed the gruesome

death of his favorite uncle. The trauma caused him to run away from home.

"My poor mother," Joe told me, "was quite a business woman in Portland, Oregon, and through the lodges of Eastern Star and Rebeccahs, she had a small reward offered for me." But Joe was nowhere to be found.

With no money in his pockets, Joe hopped a train and managed to play cat-and-mouse with the conductor until eventually he was caught. He quickly contrived a story about being an orphan, shedding a few crocodile tears over his parents' supposed tragic death, and inventing an aunt who lived in Green River City, Wyoming, as his destination. The conductor was so moved by the story that he put Joe up in a pullman and furnished his meals for the rest of the journey.

When they arrived at Green River City, the conductor asked Joe if he knew where his aunt lived. Joe said that he did, pointing out a yellow house across the street from the train depot. "As it turned out," said Joe, "I picked the worst house in town, for that's where the sheriff lived!" However, he didn't go inside, but wandered on down the street.

Green River City, at the turn of the century, was one of the wildest towns in Wyoming. Piano music echoed from each honky-tonk as he passed by, while prostitutes solicited business along the main

thoroughfare. Traffic was horrendous and the noise of passing trains deafening.

As Joe wandered aimlessly, taking in the sights, he was startled by a voice from behind.

"Where you goin' to, kid?"

Joe turned around to see a small man with a goatee standing there, carefully scrutinizing him. The boy then realized that he must look some what out of place dressed in his "city togs." He hastily concocted another story, this time saying he was from back east, and that his parents had died, and he had come to Green River City to find his aunt, but that she no longer lived there.

It was obvious that the little old man did not believe a word of the story, but instead took the boy by the arm and steered him toward a store, saying, "The first thing we gotta' do is git you some new clothes and git rid of dat sissy outfit afore you git in trouble!"

Joe tells what happened next, in his words:

"After I had a change of clothes, the old man took me to the livery stable where he was going to spend the night, and he separated his blankets and made a bed for the two of us. Before we went to sleep that night, he told me about himself. His name was Phil Mass and he was part Indian, originally from Chihuahua, Mexico. He had been a Pony Express rider and had



driven the first Overland Stage outfit into Salt Lake City. He owned a large ranch on Henry's Fork south of Green River City. 'Come mornin', he told me, 'I take you home with me. Then you go to school. Boy your age ought to be in school.'

"The next day I rode all the way to Henry's Fork in the back of Phil Mass' bouncy wagon. My first day at school was a disaster. I was wearing the new Levi pants that old Phil had brought for me, and I climbed aboard a horse behind this girl who was several years older than me, and she was a little surly. She whipped the horse along with a quirt she carried in one hand, and everything went along all right until she forced the horse to jump a ditch.

"Now this girl was quite ample in the rear parts and her buttocks stuck over the back of the saddle. There weren't any strings on the saddle, and when she jumped the ditch, I grabbed on to her to hold on, and she darn near killed me with that quirt! She accused me of handling her personal parts, and no amount of explanation to the contrary would satisfy her. From that time on she had a special pick at me, and she would heat the back of my pants up with that whip of hers until the rivets would become hot! It was not long before I swore off school for good and refused to go back."

At least two of Phil Mass' sons were members of the Wild Bunch. Johnny Mass, known as *One-eyed Jack Mass*, who had killed Tude Hereford in a gunfight not long before, was the man who introduced Joe Marsters to Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. As near as Joe could remember, that had been in September of 1907, at Linwood, Utah, near Brown's Park. The two famous outlaws had only recently returned

from South America where they had been "on the dodge" from the law.

"This kid is lookin' for a job," Mass told Butch when Joe was introduced. Butch, whose real name was Robert Leroy Parker, asked Joe what kind of work he could do, and Joe replied that he knew horses pretty well, so Butch gave him a job ginging horses for him.

"I could see right from the start that Longabaugh wasn't happy about having a kid along," Joe told me, "but Parker soon informed him that I was hired and that was that. He told me to call him Butch when I insisted on referring to him as Mr. Parker, and Longabaugh was Sundance. Sundance was surly and I stayed away from him as much as possible."

The first day on the job they left Linwood and rode north up the Green River, and Joe rode side-by-side with Butch Cassidy. Butch was quite well informed on local history and pointed out a few sites to Joe, keeping him entertained with stories as they rode along. They finally arrived at an old cabin on Bridger Bottom, which Butch pointed out had been built by the old trapper, Jim Bridger.

"The old shack, which no one ever slept in, just stored grub and ammunition, was made of old charred lumber. When we rode in, there was an old man tending the fire, and he greeted me with some suspicion. 'Who's the gawd-damned kid!' he spouted, and Sundance grumbled something, but Butch soon made me acquainted, although I never did learn the man's name. He was old and tough and had been around, you could tell that.

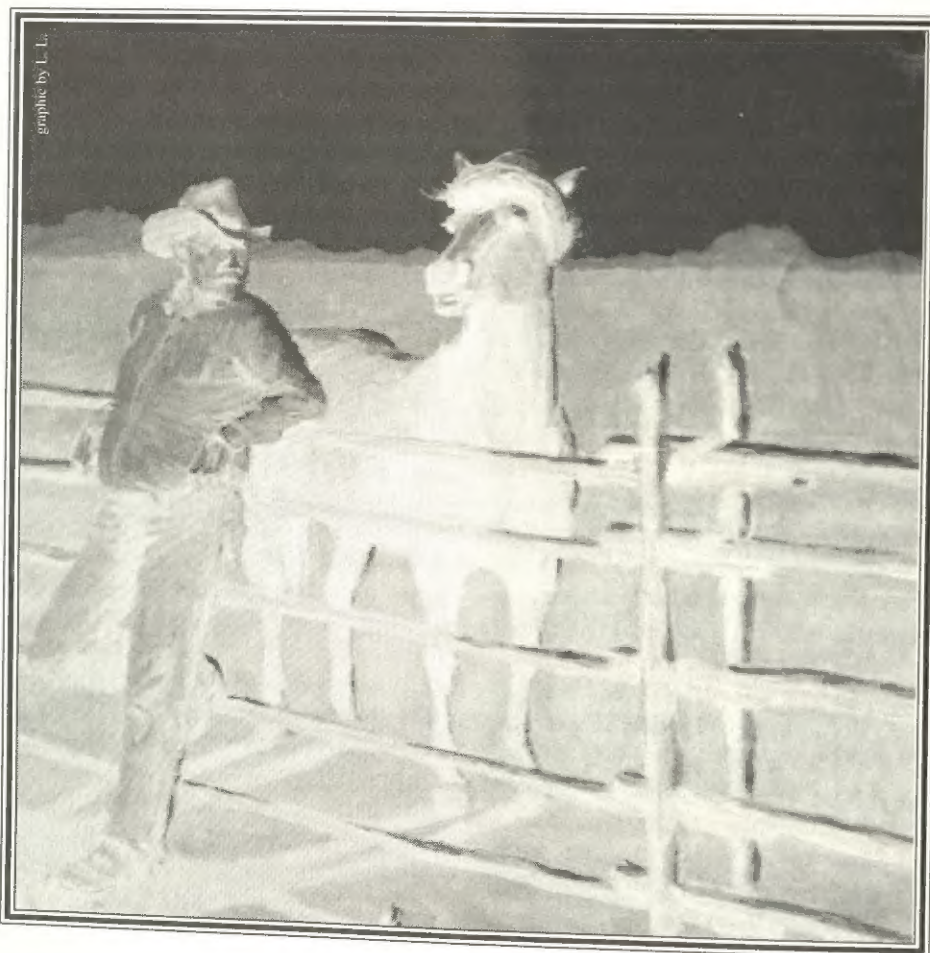
"When we first rode in, the old man was the only one in sight, but as the sun began to set behind the badlands, I could see riders appearing as if out of nowhere, topping the ridges in ones and twos, looking around carefully before riding in to camp. They all eyed me pretty close.

"That night we had ten or fifteen men in the camp and it was quite a scene. Butch was very quiet and had little to say. While the others laughed and chattered, he leaned back in a sagebrush away from the fire and played his mouth organ. I watched him, curious like a kid, and he motioned for me to come over.

"Know what this is?' he asked me. I told him it was a mouth organ, and he said,

'Some people call it a harmonica. Did you know it was invented by Benjamin Franklin?' I shook my head. He asked me about myself, where I came from and all, and I found myself telling him straight about it, about running away. He grew kind of serious for a moment and told me, 'You ought to have a boot planted in your butt! I would give a hell of a lot if I could just go home!' Then he smiled and ruffled up my hair and all was forgotten."

As the men talked around the fire, some of them discussed what they were going to do when they "quit the



graphic by L. L.



trail." Sundance said that he and Etta Place had picked out a place in the mid-west or the deep south where they could buy a farm and raise hogs. Butch forgot his harmonica for a moment and burst into laughter, saying "Gawd, I can see you and Etta now, wallowing up to your butts in pig manure, sloppin' the hawks!" The men all had a good laugh, then turned in for some sleep.

The next morning Butch pulled Joe aside and said, "Kid, you come along with me today, and I will show you the ropes." The other men rode out in different directions that morning, just as they had come in the night before, and Joe wondered what their job really was.

"I tagged along behind Butch," Joe continued, "and we forded the Green River and rode out toward Brown's Park. All the way along Butch showed me how to lead a horse without getting kicked, and how to hold a rope properly to make a throw and a dozen other things.

"When we got to the rim of Brown's Park, Butch stopped and said, 'Kid, there's another thing you are gonna have to know if you follow us very long.' Butch then turned his horse towards where the North Star would be and he showed me exactly where I would have to go to find Jackson's Hole; then spinning his horse around, he said, 'This way is Hole-in-the-Wall,' and again, spinning around, 'This way to Brown's Park, this way to Robbers Roost, and this way will take you to our winter range over in the Ruby Mountains of Nevada. You learn these directions, Kid, and don't forget them.' At the time, I wondered why."

Not long afterward, Joe ran into Clifford Norten. I had heard my father, Edward Boren (1893 - 1975), talk about Clifford Norten. Norten and a friend of his, Carl Shirts, were deserters from the cavalry stationed at Fort Duchesne. In the fall of 1905 the two men, with a small dog belonging to Shirts, were holed up in a cave in Sheep Creek Gap, a few miles south of Manila, Utah. My father, then a boy of twelve, was paid fifty cents a trip to bring them supplies. Shirts entertained him with tricks performed by his little white dog.

My grandfather, William Coleman Boren, owned a coal mine on the road to Green River City, situated on a hill about a mile northeast of Linwood. In the spring of 1906 Clifford Norten rode alone up to the mine and asked my grandfather for a job. He was put to work in the mine, and

continued there for six or seven months. Then one day Will Boren discovered that Norten was seeing his daughter, my aunt Eliza, against his wishes and drove him off. Norten sneaked back in the night and set the coal mine on fire, and it could never be put out. It burned for more than sixty years, until the entrance was covered with the advent of Flaming Gorge Dam and Reservoir.

Not long after, Norten joined Cassidy's "late" Wild Bunch, and there young Joe Marsters had the misfortune of making his acquaintance. The story is better told in Joe's own words.

"Things went along pretty smoothly until one day one of the bunch, a man named Clifford Norten, decided to show me what a good shot he was. He had me hold a cigarette between my fingers while he shot the end of it off. The bullet came too close and ripped the entire end of my finger off. Blood was running all over the place and Butch came along and dipped my hand down in the sugar sack, and that stopped the flow of blood for a time, and then he wrapped it up. It hurt like hell, but I tried hard not to show it.

"That afternoon we all rode to Rock Springs, Wyoming. The men drove a herd of horses with them, and they wanted to see the town, having been out in the hills for a long time. Butch and Sundance took me with them up to a big frame house on the south side of Rock Springs and knocked on the door. (This was known as 'Baker House,' which passed as a combination boarding house-hotel.) A woman answered the door and when she seen me, she turned to Butch and said, 'You can't bring a kid into a place like this!' Butch said, 'He's hurt,' and rushed me right on in.

"Butch made me lay down on the couch because he could see I was kind of white and sick. Of course I wasn't so young and naive that I didn't know I was in a house of prostitution, but right then I didn't think about it or care very much.

"Pretty soon, out of a back room through some curtains, came the prettiest lady I had ever seen. When she seen me on the couch, she came over and took a look at my sore hand and turned toward Butch and Sundance, and said, 'Which one of you brave men did this little deed?'

"The lady—who I later learned was Etta Place—told me to wait a minute, and she went back into the room and tossed a shawl

*Continued on page 33*

## If Solomon Were King

**Kerry Ross O'Boran**

If Solomon were king, I feign,  
And ruled upon the throne;  
If Solomon again did reign,  
And ruled the land alone,  
There would no more injustice be  
Nor sorrow to bemoan . . .  
If Solomon were king.

If Solomon were king again  
And ruled with iron hand,  
No more would politicians deign  
To take a haughty stand,  
And by corruption, hate, and fear  
Spend waste upon the land . . .  
If Solomon were king.

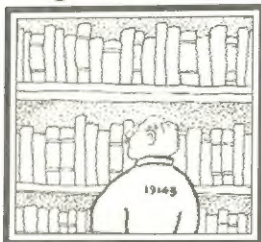
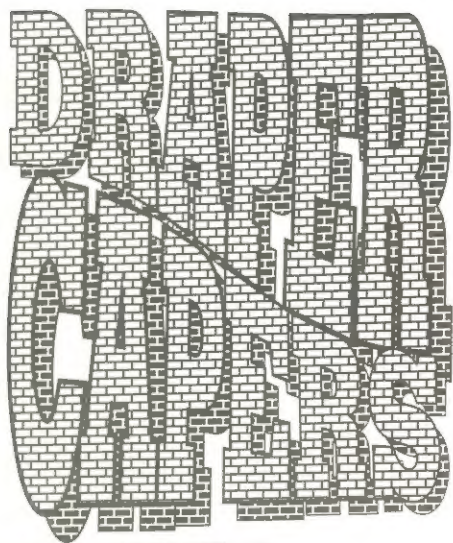
If Solomon were king once more  
In America the great,  
Love would reign from shore to shore,  
And justice—soon or late—  
Would bring back freedom, hope, and  
peace  
Instead of dreaded hate . . .  
If Solomon were king.

If Solomon were king, my friend,  
And ruled in mighty dread,  
The violence and hate would end,  
Or he'd smite off their head,  
And then would those who cause the  
harm  
Be found among the dead . . .  
If Solomon were king.

If Solomon were king, indeed,  
In this modern time,  
There would be help for those in need,  
And there'd be much less crime;  
For Solomon in his wisdom knew  
That love is most divine . . .  
If Solomon were king.

If Solomon were king today  
Upon this mortal sod,  
I'm sure I know what he would say  
To those with whom he'd trod;  
He'd tell them to fall upon their knees  
And worship their great God . . .  
If Solomon were king.

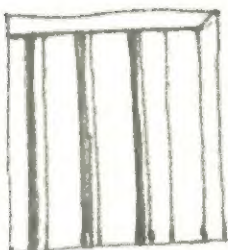




PRISON AUTHOR

EDITED BY

TOMMY THOMASO

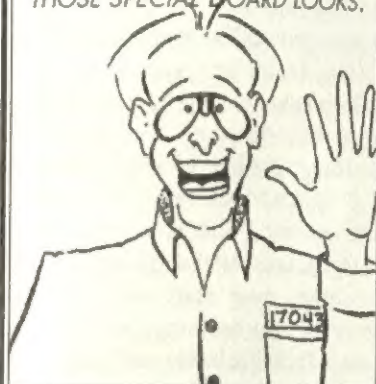


"... Sure, I remember our talk back in '85. Hey, nobody's perfect! But things are different now. This is the last time I'll ask for any favors. If you'll just help me out of this ... er ... situation, I'll ..."

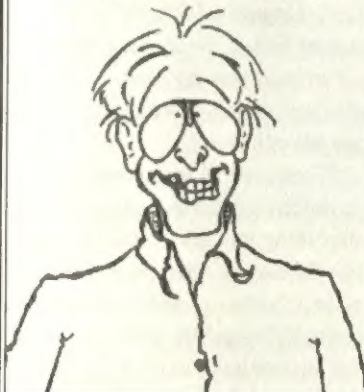
# BOARD LOOKS

BY DEAN CHRISTENSEN

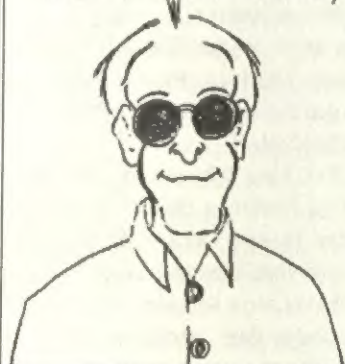
HELL-O NEW NUMBERS!  
JUST A FEW HINTS FOR  
THOSE SPECIAL BOARD LOOKS.



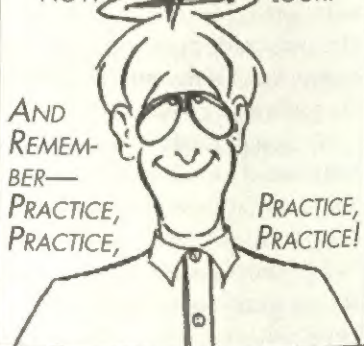
THE MEDICATIONS-  
HELPING-A-LOT LOOK.



THE I'M-NO-LONGER-VIOLENT  
LOOK. (THE JOHN LENNON  
EFFECT AND MY FAVORITE.)



THE TOTAL-ANGEL-FREE-ME-  
NOW LOOK.



AND  
REMEM-  
BER—  
PRACTICE,  
PRACTICE,

PRACTICE,  
PRACTICE!

a reprint from the 3/29/91 The New Yorker



BOOTH

"Stand aside, Gruenwald! It's the computer I'm blowing away!"



T. MORGAN '91



JACK CARTER &  
JEFF JACKSON

"Which do you want first? The truth, the whole truth, or nothing but the truth?"



# **MANV** **JOB** **AND** **A**

## **Finding Employment with a Criminal History** copyright © 1991 by V. N. Rollo, Jr.

### **Author's Background**

NED ROLLO WAS KICKED OUT OF PRISON for the second time in August 1977 with something he didn't have the first time he was released in 1969: an absolute determination to reconstruct his life and to help others do the same.

Many former prisoners want to help other people as a way to feel good about themselves and make positive use of their experience. What makes the author unusual is that he stuck with his goal. These articles are the result of a commitment made in a solitary cell of a north Louisiana jail in 1974. Since that time, Rollo has paid his dues and built the knowledge, opportunity, and support needed to turn the dream of being a true helper into reality.

What Rollo writes about, he has lived. His writing offers practical insights gained from twenty-four years of active involvement on both sides of the criminal justice process: as a correctional counselor and as a client in the system. These articles provide knowledge gained from working with thousands of people as they struggled with employment, social rejection, and personal renewal. *Anyone* with a criminal history who puts as much love and determination into their quest for a job as Ned Rollo has into pursuing his goal must succeed!

## **SUPPORT FROM OTHERS** **Importance of Support**

**T**O TURN OUR GOALS INTO REALITY often requires help from others. That doesn't mean we're weak or inadequate. It's all right to get help—as long as we don't abuse it or forget that it's our final responsibility to take care of ourselves. It is just as irresponsible *not* to get help when we need it as it is to depend on others to fix our lives.

Does seeking help make you a bum or some type of charity case? No way! Just hold your head up and go look for what you need. The time will come when you will be able to help someone else and that will balance the scale.

Before anything else, a person who has been involved with the criminal justice system will probably need help meeting their basic survival needs: food, shelter, clothing, transportation, health care, and so on. Equally important is emotional support and understanding from someone who cares. Without this, an ex-offender may lose heart and give up trying to overcome the obstacles ahead. Finally, for a person trying to get established in the community, the most valuable aid is trust and support from people who have influence or can give good advice.

All of this help is probably available in your community, if you know where and how to find it. The community can be an enemy camp or a treasure chest, depending on how you approach it. Your attitude and actions are really the keys.

If you treat the community as an enemy, you will have to fight to survive there. If you approach the community as a friend, you can draw from it the resources you need to grow and improve your life. The better you manage yourself and your ties with the community, the better you will feel about life itself.

### **Establishing a Support System**

Depending on the kind of support you need, you may seek help on a personal or professional level, or you may look for assistance from agencies in the community. Of all the community resources, none is more powerful and important than people.

### **Personal Relationships**

Your personal support system starts with your family, loved ones, and friends—people who know you personally and care about what happens to you, the people you can go to in a crisis. Other people that you meet in your daily life, such as church members, fellow students, or members of an AA group, may also be willing to offer you some kinds of support, if they believe you are sincere and you approach them the right way.

The foundation of these relationships is honesty, sincerity, and commitment. It is essential that we truly care for and about others, not just about our own well-being



or goals. If we want people to care about us, we must also care about them. If we want to be well-treated, we must treat other people well.

Maybe you have been flaky, let your loved ones down, or acted angry and hostile toward them. Then don't be shocked if they don't come across when you need them. Also, after involvement with the criminal justice scene, many families are already bone-dry and don't have much left to offer. So don't demand what doesn't exist.

How we treat those close to us says a lot about our character and who we really are. If we treat the people we care about badly, it is usually a reflection of how we feel about ourselves. Sometimes, when we have met a lot of failure or rejection, we may get so depressed and angry that we lose control of ourselves. Sometimes we just want to hurt ourselves or others and don't know exactly why.

When we are filled with rage or sadness it affects everything we do. Often we carry these feelings out of prison with us. This is not strange, considering how much stress an ex-offender has to face. But it can't be ignored or accepted. Now is the time to deal with negative feelings before they do more damage to us and our relationships.

Most communities have a variety of capable counselors, and many charge on a sliding scale of fees based on your ability to pay. When you find yourself doing things which are simply beyond your control, hurtful to yourself or others, or leading you into addictive behavior, get professional help immediately.

Seeing a professional counselor can do more than just help us deal with crisis. By looking for the *causes* of our feelings, we have a far better chance of improving the quality of our future.

### Professional Relationships

As you work toward your goals, you can benefit greatly from the advice of those who have years of

experience and insight into how things work. An hour with the right person may save years of grief down the road. This guidance can be an extremely valuable resource, but it takes time and work to establish. If you start developing these relationships now, they will be there later when you are ready to look for a better job or go after your long-term ambitions.

To begin, you must identify the people who can provide the type of help you need. To find the right people, you will have to talk to lots of folks, ask questions. Your network will be helpful with this. If you are preparing for an interview or applying to a training program, you may want to talk to an employee or a former student. Or you may want the advice of three to five people who are prominent in the community or in the field where you want to work. You can approach these people using a three-step method to gain their trust and assistance.

1) Call or write to them. Explain that you are trying to get established in the community or in a particular line of work. State that you are aware of their achievements and would appreciate a brief meeting to ask their advice. Very few people will say no.

Show up on time for your appointment, explain your needs, ask their advice, listen, take notes, thank them, and leave. Don't stay long, and don't hit on them for anything. Follow up later with a call or note of thanks. Then use their advice, as much as you can or wish to do. If they refer you to other people, use the same approach with them.

2) Stay in touch with these advisors. Call or send them a note to let them know your progress and how their advice has helped. Ask for their suggestions as to your next step. If you make contact with them every few months, you will gradually build a relationship based on credibility and trust.

3) If you've done the first two steps, no one is shocked if you call sometime later to ask for a letter of recommendation, a personal reference, or even a better job. People like to help one another because it makes them feel good about themselves—just as long as they feel the cause is reasonable and their efforts will be put to a positive use.

If you intend to run a game, you won't last long. The word will get out that you just talk jive and work a cheap con. No one is going to let you get really close to them until you've paid your dues and they feel confident that you are sincere and solid. Then, slowly, as they grow comfortable that you're for real, more support will be available when you need it.

### Using People as References


On applications and during job interviews, you will be asked to give the names of people who will vouch for your good character. Since your family may be biased in your favor, you will need to request these personal references from the people in your network or in the professional relationships you are developing. Before you use a person's name in this way, you must go to them and ask if they are willing

to give you a character reference..

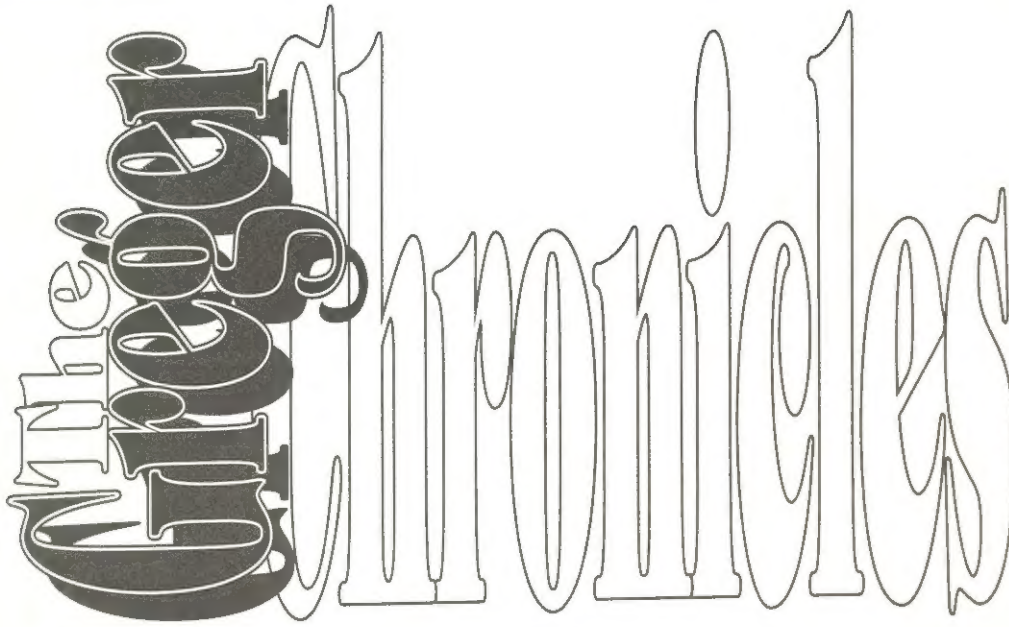
Never use their name without their consent, and be careful not to abuse this kindness. If you do, it will destroy not just one job opportunity, but your entire relationship with that former well-wisher. Don't give out the names of your references too easily. Save your reference list for

*continued on page 34*

## Pre-Release Calendar

MON	1st Monday	2nd Monday	3rd Monday	4th Monday	5th Monday
	Southpoint Comm. Action 1 - 2:30 p.m. Social Security 2:30 - 4:00 p.m.	Southpoint Parole Expectation & Preparations 1 - 4 p.m.	Southpoint Job Training Partnership Act 8 - Noon Northpoint Job Training Partnership Act 1 - 4 p.m.	Southpoint Institutional Parole 1 - 2:30 p.m. Board of Pardons 2:30 - 4 p.m. Northpoint Board of Pardons 1 - 2:30 p.m. Institutional Parole 2:30 - 4:00 p.m.	Southpoint Special Activities Outside Guests 1 - 4 p.m..
Tuesdays,	2nd and 4th	1st Wednesday	4th Thursday		
Wednesdays,	Tuesdays	SP Social Services 1 - 2:30 p.m..	Southpoint Classes cancelled earlier meet on this date.		
& Thursdays	Release Day! USP	NP Social Services 1 - 2:30 p.m. 2:30 - 4:00 p.m.	1 - 4 p.m.		





## A CEPHALOPOD'S GREETING

I WAS STANDING AT THE CAR-SIZED TILE fountain looking across the entrance hall when I felt a damp feathery touch on my wrist. Looking down into the shallow basin I saw the three foot octopus offering a greeting with a gray tentacle. As children passed by they would shake one or two of his arms in the air.

Lynn Jacobs, my companion on this month-long trip along the Oregon Coast, trailed her hand in the cool salt water. The bottom of the basin was covered with coins.

"Well, he's a friendly fellow," I remarked, putting a tentacle back into the water.

"What makes you think it's a *he*. It's probably a *she*. Another victim of your irresistible charm. Give me a kiss," she said. We kissed alongside the octopus tank, each of us holding a tentacle, then patted the questing members back under water.

"This marine institute is the best part of our trip." We walked into the dark between large vertical tanks of fish and

coastal sea life. Black mussels hung heavily on pilings like surreal grapes.

...

The next stop was Cape Fear, where we were told hump-back whales gave birth to and nursed their calves in the spring under its 1000 foot cliffs. Being there the wrong season, I set up my Leica on self-timer, photographing us laughing at a plaque which read, "On this spot in 1873, absolutely nothing happened!" Lynn saved that photo for her husband as ironic counterproof. That night we feasted on huge seafood dinners.

By next afternoon we were in a sand dune refuge. The mist off the water was white and close. Underfoot were peeping thousands of golden salamanders intertwined in paired coital love. "What's going on," I inquired, looking closely.

"A lesson for us," she murmured.

"Lie back on the hood of the car," I

showed her. And, our privacy guaranteed by the discretion of the mist, we performed our own coital harmonies.

...

"What is this place?"

"Sea Lion Caves," she replied. "The elevator takes you down within the mountain to water level." We got on the elevator. Five minutes of rock filled silence. When the door opened, dim light showed a panel of cyclone fence in the foreground.

In the rock penetrating overhead, a fantastic sight of ocean breakers and surfing sea creatures depicted itself. Through a low but yards long ledge the light and the water came. Silhouetted on cave outcroppings, toward the dim back of a cave big enough to swallow a playing field, sat dominant male lions singing to the sea.

After working through my first shock, I braced my camera and tried several long time-exposures, several minutes and more. After a claustrophobic hour, we took the elevator back to the crust. I felt a bit like some Jules Verne hero from a land inside the Earth, and I was silent for the next couple of hours, digesting what we had experienced.

...

A month later, riding in her car around Ogden, Lynn said, "Eddy claims you and I put one thousand dollars on his credit cards during our month in Oregon."

In my best snufflelofagus voice I said nasally, "That's *sad*, Bird. Very sad. . . ."

"No joke, how'd we spend so much? Burdened him with a thing like that?"

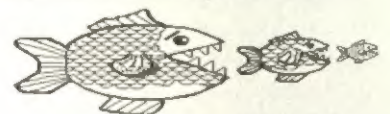
"Did you have a good time in Oregon?"

"Super."


"Do you regret going?"

"No."

The slush swished around our tires as we drove through it. Lynn reached out and put her hand on my knee. The radio played softly and the dash lights just glowed.





 O THE COMMON FARMER, POPPY PLANTS are considered another type of bounty from Mother Kali, in that the poppy plant conditions the soil especially well so that food crops can be grown to support his family.

Licences for small plots have been granted to upwards to 300,000 families and in 8,000 villages. So given the usual family size, at least two million people are directly affected by opium growing. Beyond that, laborers hired for the harvest also benefit. One could expect about ten rupees, about .95 cents, for three hours work in the morning and afternoon—perhaps two hundred rupees a growing season, or about \$18.00.

India's Government Opium and Alkaloid Works in Nimach, Madhya Pradesh, on an average day, will have 800 rectangular pans, each filled with about thirty-five kilos of opium, sitting in the sun, drying. Every half-hour or so each pan is stirred by two men (each watching one another for security reasons) with specially made wooden paddles.

When the raw opium is delivered to this processing plant, it's about 70% percent solids, 30% percent water. Eight to twenty days of stirring, depending on the sun, will remove most of the water, leaving 90% of export quality product.

Once at 90%, the opium is moved indoors and stored in concrete tanks ten feet deep and as big as an average backyard swimming pool. One tank can store about 450 tons, making it the world's largest opium receptacle. This facility stores, on average, about a thousand tons of near-pure opium. There is a second processing plant in the Ganges Plain at Ghazipur that frequently stores 1700 to 2000 tons. Are the workers really watched, you ask? Yep! After each shift, the workers have to shower and wash their clothes—as they get extremely soiled—and their shower water is reclaimed so the opium can then be returned to the main stockpile. Nothing is wasted, and no one is trusted.

Despite the Indian government's best efforts, some opium leaks to an illicit domestic market. Afterall, it's long been used in India and there is a great demand.

Opium was given to war elephants of the Mogal Empire, and to Indian soldiers under the British to make them brave and feel less pain if hurt. In side the Taj Mahal, built by the Emperor Shah Jahan as a tomb for his favorite wife, marble cenotaph, inlaid with carnelian poppies, are on display.

Today construction workers and wheat harvesters put a tiny ball of opium—called a *goli*—under the tongue and drink it down with tea. In Calcutta a *goli* seller says

when the treatment ends, there will be no withdrawal sickness or addiction.

Theres an old red-red-brick factory in Ghazipur, built by the British East India Company, that now ships opium in five-kilo polyethylene bags, twelve bags per chest, to Britain, the U.S.S.R., St. Louis, and even Newark, N. J. Beginning in the 1820s it packed opium for China, and from that can be heard a tale or two.

Dutch sailors introduced tobacco smoking to Formosa—now known as Taiwan—in the early 1600s. Chinese colonists there mixed tobacco with opium and introduced that mixture to the mainland, where tobacco was later dropped, leaving the opium to be smoked by itself. This became crucial in the China trade. Foreigners wanted to come to the port of Canton, but Chinese demand for foreign goods was small, so traders had to pay with silver, making the transaction increasingly expensive. The solution was opium, brought by American ships from Turkey, by the Brits from India. The emperor in Peking had forbidden opium, but mandarins at Canton could be persuaded, so opium smoking spread at an incredible rate.

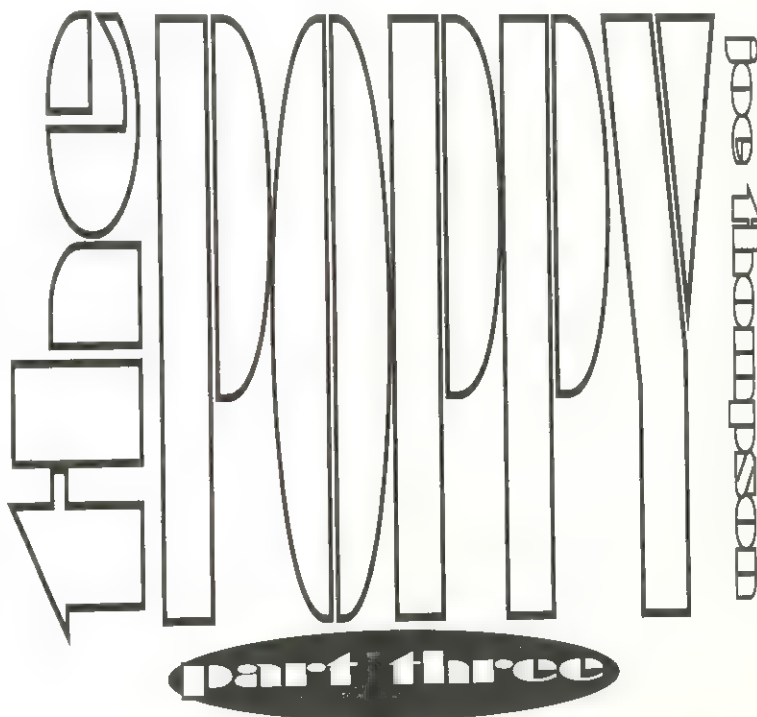
The mandarins became tougher, so the foreigners moored storage ships in the mouth of the Pearl River, just outside Chinese jurisdiction. As more

opium poured in, Chinese smugglers had to pay for it with more and more silver.

The British East India Company grew ever more poppies in India, to be later auctioned in Calcutta. The swift opium clippers carried it 3700 miles to those storage ships of Canton—very big business then, and even more so now.

About a sixth of India's revenues and, via Britain's import tax on tea, much of the money for the Royal Navy came from the opium trade. A British historian says it was probably the largest commerce of its day in any traded commodity,

As the flood of opium imports kept  
*continued on page 35*

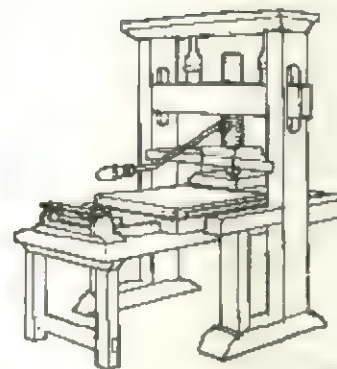


wherever there are long-distance tuckers there's a supplier. They'll drive two hundred miles on the Great Trunk Road, sleep a few hours, have a woman, take the opium, and go again—a thousand miles on to the Punjab. In the long run their health will deteriorate, but they believe that as long as they have opium, they'll be alright.

And of course opium is legally available to doctors of India's ancient Ayurvedic medicine, for sprue, asthma and scorpion bites. A noted Indian practitioner says he mixes herbal juices into his opium medicine to counteract the bad side effects such as constipation; he'll adjust the dosage downward without telling the patient, so



# PRINT WISHP



## PRINTING SOUTHPOINT

## THE SUPERVISOR

**B**ETWEEN THE TIME *SOUTHPOINT* MAGAZINE STARTS OUT AS little flickers of thought inside an inmate's mind, and the time it is left on the doorsteps of individual blocks, there is a multitude of tiny steps taken by up to thirty people. It's time somebody explained to all involved, whether they be inmates or staff, exactly how the intricate operation progresses.

First, there's that mental twinkle. Then the author of a cartoon, article, poetry, or short story pens the piece and sends it to Inmate Services, and the editor, Tom Ossana. Tom enters the inmate's contribution into one of several programs in the Macintosh SE/30—Aldus PageMaker and FreeHand, ThunderWorks, MacPaint, WordPerfect, TypeStyler, etc. It takes Tom approximately four weeks to sort, compile, enter, and edit all the material that ranges between graphics, text, and photographs—all take different types of programs. After it is entered into a *SouthPoint*/month file, Brett Bullock, who handles typesetting/graphics at the UCI Print Shop, brings a Bernoulli forty megabyte portable computer drive and downloads a copy of that month's magazine—setting in motion the next phase of a complex effort to get the finished product to our readers.

Back in the Print Shop, Brett downloads the roughly eight million bytes of information into his computer's hard-drive. After all the files are linked and the links are checked, the pages are printed to an Agfa Studio Set 2000 graphic imager. This image maker has the ability to make the highest

*continued on page 35*

**I**n 1985 Adrian Overton, after 30 years experience in the printing industries, came to UCI to run the print shop which consisted of little more than a couple of presses, with a few inmates running them. "It sure wasn't the complete printing shop we've built at this point!" Ade proudly stated. The shop has matured and bloomed into one of UCI's most productive and cost-efficient showcases. The print shop employs up to thirty inmates and has projected business of over seven hundred fifty thousand dollars for fiscal 93. Adrian expects that the sixty to seventy thousand dollar-a-month estimate this year will just about double last year's business. One of the best payoffs for the state is having an in-house printing facility that can cut nearly thirty percent off the cost of having a community printer do the same work.

In 1953 when Adrian was a student at South High School, he began working part-time at StanWay Printing (later bought out by K/P Graphics) doing binding work and making deliveries for the small Salt Lake company. Healthy work habits, curiosity, and a lot of desire turned the part-time job into a lifelong experience that

has provided UCI with one of it's best supervisors. After graduating from high school and hiring on full time at StanWay, Adrian went to study graphics at GATF at the University of Pittsburg, an eighteen month course that was one of the only college level graphics schools in the nation at the time. "Giving the inmate a skill which he can apply in the

*continued on page 36*



The Print Shop brain trust: Supervisor Adrian Overton, and crew members Michael Moore, Walter Kelbach, and Brett Bullock.





The photogenic members of the Print Shop—from the left: Don Choate, typesetter; Mark Francom, cutter; James Givens, binder; Jeff Tucker, folder; and James Wise, pressman.

The irrepressible members of the Print Shop—from the left: Jeff K. Ellis and Lynn Burnside, pressmen; David Schibi, stripper/plating; Robert Maes and Darrell Garcia, pressmen.



The dauntless members of the Print Shop—from the left: Clark Goodwin, pressman; Dale Garrett, binder; Phil Catania, Stephen Sieg, and Jeff Ellis, pressmen; and Paul Warner, binder.



Bret Etterlein's Jin Shin Do

# ACUPRESSURE

## managing your ch'i

### Compassionate Spirit Way

**J**IN SHIN DO TECHNIQUES ARE WAYS OF becoming still enough to be really aware, actually to see and hear our world, to become balanced and centered through acupressure release, meditation, breathing techniques, movement, and diet. Through Jin Shin Do you can experience the joy of internal and external unity.

We spend so much time looking and listening, allowing mental and emotional sets to filter our perception, that we do not really see and hear. In effect, through our patterns of thoughts and feelings we censor ourselves, allowing us to absorb some things but not others. Have you ever noticed the silence when the electrical power goes off—no crackling of a television and no draft of pumped air. The more rigid these patterns become, the more closed from the world we become. We are missing some pieces to the puzzle because we close or filter them out. Though inherently free, we filter what we will have of the world and what we will not.

Managing your Ch'i, basic life energy, is one of the most natural instincts we have. Each time we feel a cramp, tension, or soreness in a muscle, we press and rub that area to relieve the discomfort. We feel with our hand the knots of contracted muscles while massaging the blocked flow of blood and Ch'i. Ch'i, like a fine electrical field, flows through all life. It is the most primal and basic energy of life, flowing through the body much as the blood does. When the Ch'i is blocked it becomes unbalanced

throughout the body. Acupressure is a form of mental and physical concentration to release blockage and increase the flow throughout the affected area.

The ancient healing art of acupressure uses the fingers to find and press key energy flow points on the skin's surface to stimulate the body's natural healing and releasing (what does releasing mean?) abilities. When the energy flow points are pressed they stimulate blood circulation and release muscle tension.

Acupressure, the originator of acupuncture which came three thousand years later, is five thousand years old. The greatest advantage of acupressure is that it is safe for the beginner and can be used anytime, anyplace.

Stimulating certain points causes the release of endorphin (natural pain blockers) and increases the flow of blood and oxygen to the affected area. Tension concentrates around the trigger points shown in the three illustrations. Chronic or spasmodic muscle contractions are induced by secretion of lactic acids. These acids are generated by fatigue, stress, chemical imbalance, trauma, or poor circulation.

When acupressure is applied, the muscle tension is released or yields to pressure, allowing the fibers to elongate and relax, blood and oxygen to flow freely, and the toxins (lactic acid) to be carried away.

To deal with the tension headache, a common ailment when doing time, try a

few minutes of deep breathing, slow stretching, and acupressure. The neck, shoulder, and upper back may be the cause of your headache though you may not feel any tension or cramping in those areas.

### Techniques

**1. Inhale:** Inhale through the nose, expanding the lower abdomen—counting slow to five.

The breathing should be gentle, so that if you held a feather in front of your mouth and nose, it would move only slightly. Place the tongue on the roof of the mouth, inhale slowly and steadily through the nose. As you inhale, count one to five. Throughout the process of inhaling, imagine the energy of life flowing to the lowest point of the abdomen.

**2. Hold:** Accumulate ch'i in the lower abdomen—counting slow to five.

After the inhaling, hold the ch'i within the lower abdomen (right below the belly-button) through the same count of five. You should feel no physical tension during this phase. You may experience some instinctual reaction to gasp for breath, or even a minor convulsion. Don't be alarmed. Relax and this feeling will pass. With time you will begin to have complete control of these instinctual reactions.

**3. Exhale:** Exhale through the mouth,



contracting the lower abdomen—counting slow to five.

Continue to focus on the lower abdomen. Imagine the used energy flowing out through the top of the head, while releasing the air through the mouth. Do this four or five times. I guarantee you'll feel more relaxed.

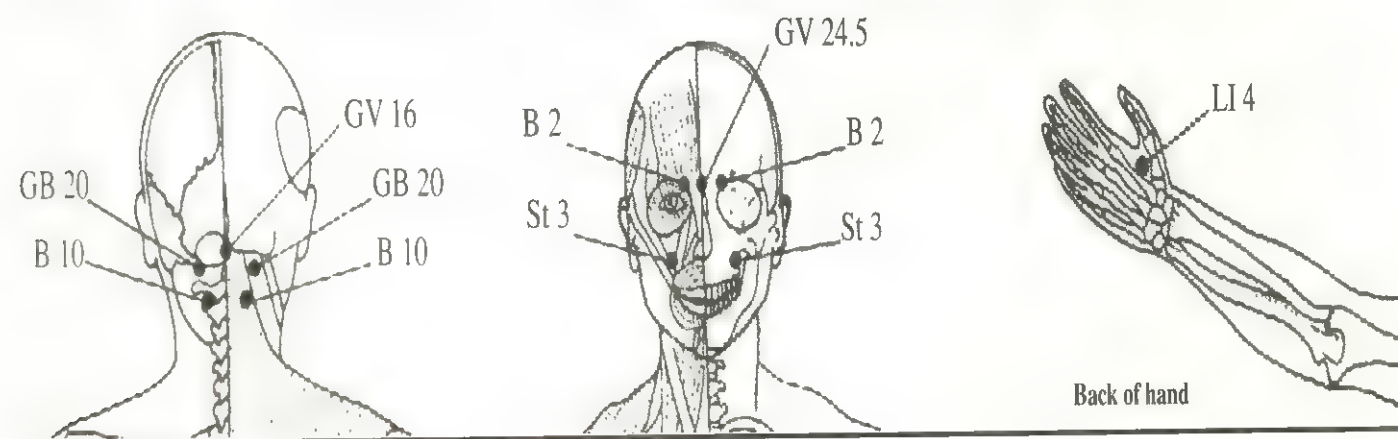
*After you have practiced this breathing technique, try to rechannel the exhaled energy up through the chest and shoulders, down the arms, and out the finger tips.*

Acupressure follows the principle of

Wei-Wu-Wei (doing by not doing, or "don't force it!"). Feel with your finger tips around the area to find the exact point. Gradually and gently press this point until you feel slight discomfort or mild pain. Some points may feel tense, while others often ache when pressed—the amount of pressure to apply depends on how fit you are. More pressure is required when the muscles are highly developed. You slip away from the point when you attain the desired slow release. Just as you applied pressure gradually, you also gradually released the pres-

sure, coming off the point slowly. Knowing how much each point should release in a treatment session requires experience. Beginners can look for these three basic indications of sufficient release: 1. a feeling of actual softening in the muscles around the point, 2. a decrease or release of sensitivity or soreness at the point, and 3. a feeling of strong, orderly, and regular pulsation at the point.

*Each point should be held thirty seconds or more. One minute is the average holding time. For the very tense it could take as long as two minutes.*



### Relief for Headaches

**GB 20**—In the hollow between the two vertical neck muscles at the base of the skull

Relieves migraine headaches, dizziness, stiff neck, neck pain, eyestrain, and irritability.

**GV 16**—Center of the back of the head in a large hollow under the base of the skull

Relieves pain in the eyes, ears, nose, throat, headaches, and stiff necks.

**B 2**—In the indentations on either side of where the bridge of the nose meets the ridge of the eyebrows

Relieves eye pain, headaches, hay fever, eye fatigue, and sinus pain.

**GV 24.5**—Directly between the eyebrows in the indentation where the bridge of the nose meets the forehead

This point balances the pituitary gland and relieves hay fever, headaches, indigestion, ulcer pain, and eyestrain.

**St 3**—At the bottom of the cheekbone, below the pupil

Relieves eye fatigue and pressure, nasal and head congestion, eyestrain, and toothaches.

**LI 4**—In the webbing between the thumb and index finger at the highest spot of the muscle that protrudes when you bring them together

Relieves frontal headaches, toothaches, and shoulder pain.

When pressing these points, be sure to search the area with your fingers to find the most sensitive area, normally located in a small crest or indentation of the bone.





### Odoriferous Emanations

Finally the hounds are doubly debunked  
And any hope for privacy suitably slam-dunked.  
Can we widen the cells  
To make room for the smells—  
Or are we stuck with a home permanently funkcd?

### Calcium Coefficient

The most heinous of commissary's sins  
Is their lack of Sports vitamins.  
They've got E, A, and C,  
But most troubling to me  
Is this inability to shore up an old jock's shins.

### Transdermal Meditation

The Dogs living here lean on Brett,  
Who has not let them down yet.  
With the enormous stress  
Of so much to assess,  
You wonder why he hasn't fled to Tibet.

### Lance in Her Pants

There was a musician named Lance  
Who like to play and to dance,  
But he got mad  
When the girl he had  
Let someone else in her pants.  
*Robert Haston*

### Editorial License

A tough cookie, this Ossana,  
Questions his job, he goes bananas;  
Ask for a clearance  
He runs interference  
By saying, "See me mañana."  
*Julio Valdez*

### Have You Herd?

Two elephants—Harry and Faye—  
Couldn't kiss with their trunks in the way,  
So they boarded a plane,  
They're now kissing in Maine,  
'Cause their trunks got sent on to L.A.  
*Kathryn Leon in International Wildlife*

### Political Rhetoric

Before November the White House had it cush;  
Now their nerves rattle as shove comes to push.  
No matter which way you're leaning,  
You can hear the politicians screaming,  
"A Quayle in the hand is worth two in the Bush!"

### A Royal Bedding

The Earl left with a knot in his gut  
For Lone Peak and God knows what.  
Are Big Macs and home visits  
Giving him fits  
Or going behind the barn for Linda's . . . what?

### Breakfast Serial

A history scholar named Georgia  
Expounds on the family Borgia:  
"Such evils they've done!"  
She cries, "Better run  
If you see a Borgia come torgia!"—*Nuggets*

### Not Your Day

If you see a sweet thing that just suits,  
You and Fate cannot be in cahoots,  
When she picks up her skirt  
To keep out of the dirt,  
To learn that she wears rubber boots.—*Little Book of Limericks*

### The Wish

I'm not so profoundly well read,  
But I know if the wheels in my head  
Were of radium instead  
Of pewter and lead  
I'd make Shakespeare feel glad he was dead!  
*Joseph Kenneth Mort*

### May I Have the Honor?

There was a young woman named Suzie  
Who was not much inclined to be choosy  
So that after a day  
Of intensive sex play  
She was apt to remark, "Say, just who is he?"  
*Isaac Asimov—Limericks, A Gross*

### Wishful Thinking

There was a young lady named Jo  
Who always said, "Thank you, but no,"  
Which is poised and polite  
But never does quite  
As well as, "Sure, Buster, let's go."  
*John Ciardi—Limericks Too Gross*



# Tom Peters Haiku Corner

**a** I THOUGH THERE ARE seventeen syllables in the haiku, the Tom Peters Haiku Corner has been around for fourteen months. As you know, haiku are short, unrhymed, and closely structured. They consist of three lines, having five, seven, and five syllables respectively, and are typically written in the present tense; haiku are not a forum for historical insights. The experts tell us they should be about nature and contain some reference to the season.

Draper haiku are more versatile. They come from SSD's Tom Peters, Mark Hofmann, Mike Lee, and DePlonty; and Wasatch's Tom Ossana and Jack Steen. Draper haiku are sometimes humorous, sometimes unseasonal, sometimes lachrymose. Several times over the last fourteen months Draper haiku has brought me to tears.

I am honored to  
Present to you Tom's fifteenth  
The Haiku Corner.

*Tom Ossana*

Look into the sun  
Giving us the strength of time  
Energy unbound.

*Kevin*

A flower's shadow  
Following at my footsteps  
Inviting senses.

*Kevin*

Spreading wide her limbs  
That in her branches I be  
Drinking in beauty.

*Kevin*

I am not alone  
I walk with none by my side  
Yet with my best friend.

*Kevin*

The morning blossoms  
Shade upon shade in layers  
Like an opening rose.

*Mark Hofmann*

I doubt the wheelwright  
Thought that a century later  
This rut would survive.

*Mark Hofmann*

A skeleton leaf,  
A snowflake, a spiderweb:  
God loves empty space.

*Mark Hofmann*

Mushrooms on a grave  
Are pallid fingers which rise  
To touch air and sun.

*Mark Hofmann*

On the highest peaks  
Are not where valleys are found  
Nor darkish shadows.

*Tom Peters*

Frozen blood vessels  
Vines crippled from winter's breath  
Thus no wine to press.

*Tom Peters*

As blissful orchids  
We too are gifts of heaven  
Each perfectly wrapped.

*Tom Peters*

Your laughter and voice  
Roam throughout my beingness  
Bringing October.

*Tom Peters*

Her florid makeup  
Served as a lampshade to shield  
My adoring eyes.

*Tom Ossana*

Judges tell young and  
innocent: Live in Draper!  
Call when you get bored.

*Tommy Thomaso*



# A Lesson in Vengeance

**Roy D. J. Droddy**

In the dour ages  
Of drafty cells and draftier castles,  
Of dragons breathing without the frame of  
fables,  
Saint and king unfisted obstruction's  
knuckles  
By no miracle or majestic means.

But by such abuses  
As smack of spite and the overscrupulous  
Twisting of thumbscrews: one soul tied in  
sinews,  
One white horse drowned, and all the  
unconquered pinnacles  
Of God's city and Babylon's

Must wait, while here Suso's  
Hones his tacks and needles,  
Scourging to sores his own red sluices  
For the relish of Heaven, relentless, dousing  
with prickles  
Of horse-hair and lice his horny loins;

While there irate Cyrus  
Squanders a summer and the brawn of his  
heroes  
To rebuke the horse-swallowing River  
Gyndes:  
He split it into three hundred and sixty  
trickles  
A girl could wade without wetting her shins.

Still, latter-day sages,  
Smiling at this behavior, subjugating their  
enemies  
Neatly, nicely, by disbelief or bridges,  
Never grip, as their grandsires did, that devil  
who chuckles  
From grain of the marrow and the riverbed grains.

## Concrete Jungle

**David Zuccasellini**

There's a concrete jungle  
That has no animal calls.  
It is full of Utah State prisoners  
Housed behind these prison walls.

It has murderers, predators,  
And all types of thieves  
Doing time in this jungle  
Without any trees.

Exploiters and exploited live  
In this jungle of strife  
That's full of convicts  
From all walks of life.

This concrete jungle  
Is Utah's house of crime  
Where many men have fallen  
And are doing a lot of time.

Some men are put here wrongly  
And try to put up a fight,  
But justice always prevails  
With all of its might.

So all they have left is  
The parole board's power of fate,  
And that small spark of hope  
That they will get a date.

So that someday soon  
They will be out to roam,  
And be with their loved ones  
In that place they call home.

## A People Proud and Pure

**E. A. Duncan (Cueball)**

He's free like an eagle who soars  
through the sky,  
Swift like the water that flows from  
mountains high.  
As strong as the winter wind that chills you  
to the bone,  
As proud as the mountain top whose peaks  
stands all alone.

A warrior fierce, a man so proud, his spirit  
still remains

As pure and free as in the days when  
roaming on the plains.  
His mind is keen, his body strong, forever  
will it be.

Though others came and took his land, his  
spirit still stays free.  
Untouched by all but Yahweh's hand, he  
lives still free and proud,  
And in secluded canyons deep, the spirits cry  
aloud.

Some tell of times when warriors fought and  
died till there were few;  
Some talk of times when peace was all that  
any redman knew.

But this proud race has been here long, and  
seen and lived through all,  
And kept the land and nature pure, through  
winter, spring, and fall.  
They have respect for Mother Earth and for

themselves as well,  
And this is why you'll never find an Indian  
in Hell.

## Everything Will Be Alright

**Zack L. Carter**

Oh, how I think of you each day and night,  
Just wishin' you were in sight.  
The way you would touch me,  
Just thinking if everything will be alright.  
I love you with all my heart;  
You know you were always on my daily chart.  
When it came to things to do



I always looked forward to doing them for you.  
Hoping someday soon I will hold you  
And whisper in your ear,  
How glad I am to have you near,  
To hold you tight  
And know that everything did turn out alright.

## Heroin Blues

**submitted by Sabryna**

Honey, before you start fooling with me,  
Let me tell you how it will be:  
I shall succeed you and make you my slave.  
Those stronger than you have already gone  
to their grave,  
But you think you can never become a  
disgrace  
Ending up addicted to poppy seed waste.  
You'll sell your body just for a buck  
And turn into something vile and corrupt.  
One day you'll realize the monster you've  
grown

And solemnly swear to leave me alone.  
You'll vomit, you'll cramp, you'll tie in a knot.  
Tingling, your veins will scream for a shot.  
The hot chills, the cold sweat, withdrawal pains  
Can only be stopped by my little white grains.



If you think you can master my mystical rock,  
Just try getting me off your back.  
I've warned you ahead, so if you should start,  
It says in the contract "Till death do us part."

## I'm Coming Home, Lady Love

**Jerry Rutledge**

A free man I'll be one  
sunny day.

You're in my heart  
and a thousand  
miles away.  
An outlaw I once



was then—  
I'll never roam the highway  
again.

I'm coming home to you, my lady love;  
I'm coming home to you, my lady love.

Your letters each day gave me strength to  
carry on  
Through the anguish, and the days they seem  
so long.

Tears of joy will streak my face  
when I feel your warm embrace.  
I'm coming home to you, my lady love;  
I'm coming home to you, my lady love.

I know myself that I'm a different man.  
Sometimes people don't understand.  
I made a mistake, that is true,  
But now my world revolves around you.  
I'm coming home to you, my lady love;  
I'm coming home to you, my lady love.

Goodbye to this prison; again you'll never  
see me.

I've got my woman a home; that's where I'll be.  
I paid my debt in full, it's true,  
And now the only thing I'm gonna do—  
I'm coming home to you, my lady love;  
I'm coming home to you, my lady love.  
*dedicated to Mary L. Pruett*

## Last Words

**Roy D. J. Dreddy**

I do not want a plain box, I want a  
sarcophagus

With tigery stripes and a face on it.  
Round as the moon, to stare up.

I want to be looking at them when  
they come

Picking among the dumb minerals,  
the roots.

I see them already—the pale, star-  
distant faces.

Now they are nothing, they are not  
even babies.

I imagine them without fathers or  
mothers, like the first gods.

They will wonder if I was important.  
I should sugar and preserve my days  
like fruit!

My mirror is clouding over—  
A few more breaths, and it will reflect  
nothing at all.

The flowers and the faces whiten to a  
sheet.

I do not trust the spirit. It escapes like  
steam.

In dreams, through mouth-hole or eye-  
hole, I can't stop it.

One day it won't come back. Things are not  
like that.

They stay, their little particular lusters,  
Warned by much landing. They almost purr.  
When the soles of my feet grow cold,  
They blue eye of my turquoise will comfort me.  
Let me have my copper cooking pots, let my  
rouge pots

Bloom about me like night flowers, with a  
good smell.

They will roll me up in bandages, they will  
store my heart

Under my feet in a neat parcel.

I shall hardly know myself. It will be dark.  
And the shine of these small things sweeter  
than the face of Istar.

## My Place

**Sam Nielson**

There is a corner somewhere  
That I alone can fill.  
If I fail to take my place,  
No other ever will.

It's all a part of God's great plan  
That each a worker be,

And somewhere in His vineyard wide  
The Lord needs even me.

## Where the Ocona Luftee Flows

**Red Elk E. Thomas**

In the state of North Carolina, where the  
Ocona Luftee flows,

Lies the Cherokee Indian village amid the  
wild flowers and the rose.

There are churches in the village where the  
Cherokee priests once stood

Giving their charges wisdom from the  
council house of wood.

Once the village street was dusty where the  
children romped and played.

There was once peace within them, but that  
was before the raid.

Then the soldiers came in numbers, six  
thousand of them or more,

And they drove the Cherokee people from  
the Ocona Luftee shore.

They sought to break the spirit of a people  
proud and brave,

And they killed four thousand Cherokee who  
lie in unmarked graves.

But the Ocona Luftee river still flows silently  
through the land,

And the Cherokees still live there where they  
made their freedom stand.

Though the dusty road is paved, the children  
still smile, romp, and play,

And the priests still give their message in the  
chapel down the way.

There are now neat white houses where once  
cabins stood,

And the maidens cook with gas where their  
mothers cooked with wood.

There have been four thousand changes—  
one for each poor soul who died,

One for each and every mother who held t  
heir dead child's hand and cried.





## Slip You By

**Michael J. Gray**

Punishment, pure punishment,  
Will send you to the abyss.  
See the pain before you  
Of the years you'll miss.

Lay your head upon your cot;  
There's nothing left to do.  
They've taken all the challenges—  
Is that what makes you blue?

Well, snatch it back, don't take that crap;  
The day belongs to you.  
You think they guide your destiny,  
But you can change that, too.

For today they hold your body,  
But they can't cause it pain.  
The only suffering happening  
Is that caused in the brain.

So grab a hold of the culprit;  
On your shoulders it does lie.  
Be sure and seize the moment—  
Don't let the moments slip you by.

## To Elaine

**Matt '92**

Silently, pain echoes through these cold halls,  
Waiting to be freed from behind the walls.  
Things will have changed, as they all know;  
Prepared they may be, for the days they go.  
Something's lost forever, no matter the pain,  
Remaining a memory in a lonely con's brain.  
Loves are lost throughout the endless night.  
Who are the criminals? What gives them the right?

Cold walls of prison make a man grow hard.  
Locked in physically, his heart even barred—  
Sleep is an escape many will use  
To avoid the pain of living the blues.  
Keeping me going are loving thoughts of you,  
Knowing you'll still love me when my time is through.

One thing I know—your heart belongs to me,  
And you'll be there waiting when they set me free.

## We

**Jarid T. Rutledge**

We look out our windows at night  
Watching Interstate One-Five.

There's always someone moving north  
or south—  
We live on its western side—  
Eighteen wheelers and family cars  
And everything in between.  
A rising sun in the morning  
Sometimes wakes us from a dream.

We fall into a daily program  
'Cause nothin' ever seems to change.  
Hell hot summers always come,  
Hardly ever catching the rain.  
Eyes that watch so closely,  
Yet we never see their face.  
Freedom is a daily dream  
From the residence of this place.

There are some who just go and return,  
Yet still they've never been free.  
Writing letters to the ones they love,  
Locked in with more than a key.  
So they call this place Point of the  
Mountain  
With a valley of desert sand,  
And it's not a home of choice from us  
Wearing numbers for a brand.

Passing past the razor sharp  
surroundings,  
Moving along Interstate One-Five,  
Sirens scream with flashing lights.  
We're still thankful to be alive.  
With prayers for strength each night  
To make it through another day.  
They may have taken all our freedom,  
But never ever our faith.

## Nick Sivuluch

**Bob Greger**

And now  
After passion's

Flood  
Ducking  
A teen girl's  
Hips,  
He's drummed  
From the  
Highway Corps  
For bobbing  
In the wrong  
Tub.

Do they forget  
The trooper  
Who saved five  
People in the  
'85 Flood?

Who backed  
His car to the  
Water's pit  
In the bridge  
Bern  
In the dark  
River's bed  
And five times  
Lowered his belt  
And tow chain  
To the drivers  
Bobbing there  
Among  
Their cars?

## Within Your Eyes

**Roger T. Gilles**

Like a fragment of a poem unfinished  
That dances in my mind  
Living as a flower diminished  
Before you, living blind.

Let us go then, you and I, love,  
And beneath a sheltering sky  
Let me know the meaning of the love  
That lives within your eyes.

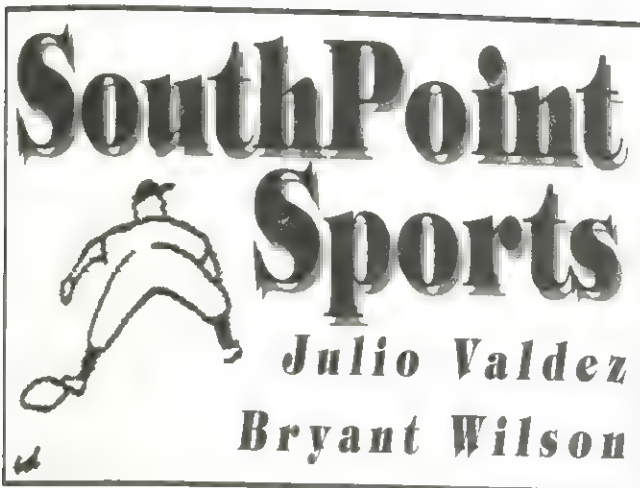
Let us make the world our  
tapestry,  
And every moment a birth.  
We will call upon the living tree  
And weave a heaven out of earth.

Let us go then, you and I, love,  
And beneath a sheltering sky  
We will find the meaning of the  
love  
That lives within His eyes.

— published by Night  
Roses, Prospect, IL







## WASATCH SPORTS

**T**HE DOUBLE ELIMINATION WASATCH softball tournament began on Tuesday. Seedings were determined by overall league standings as follows:

	W	L	Seed
Team #1	12	4	#1
Team #4	11	5	#2
Team #3	8	8	#3
Team #5	7	9	#4
Team #2	2	14	#5

September 3—Opening day of the softball tournament matched Vigil's Team (#1) against Taylor's (#5). The game was viewed by many to be a cake walk for Vigil, but Taylor and crew planned to prove otherwise. Both eyed the new outfield perimeter fence in hopes of being the first to "knock one out of the park."

In the first inning Vigil's crew turned in an infield double play to shut down Taylor's offense. Later in the inning, Vigil loaded the bases, and Christ Pyle drove an RBI triple to right field for a three run lead. In the third inning Pyle drove in another run with a single to left.

During the last three innings, Taylor's team made their move. A triple to center by Luis Zaragosa sparked the comeback. Taylor and company slowly chipped away at the lead. In the seventh inning Paul Taylor tripled and Richard Turner singled to tighten the score. With the tying run at third and two out, the final hitter popped up to end the game. Vigil won 6 - 5.

September 8—In the second game of the Wasatch tournament, Mongo's team

(#3), minus Mongo, played Mike Ballingham's team (#4). Initially the game appeared to be a forfeit because Ballingham had lost so many players, but last minute recruiting made his team competitive again.

In the first inning Joe Maestas connected for an RBI triple to give Mongo an early lead. Robert Treff's double gave Ballingham's team a 4 -

3 lead.

Mongo's team then went to work. Doubles by Willie Vaughn and Sean Marchant sparked a scoring spree. Later Willie and Brian Eames tripled to seal the victory. Ballingham tried to come back with a triple by Kevin Bingham, but Marty Garcia's defensive play stopped the rally. Mongo's team won 25 - 7.

September 10—Ben Vigil's team (#1) battled Craig Abbott's crew (#2) to see who would advance to the semifinals. Top seed Vigil lost key players, including Chris Pyle and Rex Rawlings, while Abbott gained the services of Troy Buys and Shane Miller.

Donny Laws hit the ball hard while defensively Troy Buys threw out runners at second and home. Vigil's offense could not get on track, losing to bottom seed Abbott 15 - 11.

September 12—Paul Taylor (#5) butted heads with Ballingham's team (#4). Holding Taylor scoreless in the first inning, Ballingham sent fifteen batters to the plate to take an 11 - 0 lead. Shane Hochstetler, Jack Jessup, Robert Treff, and Matt Miller led the attack place-hitting throughout the field. Travil Hull followed with a base hit and Mike Ballingham tripled.

In the later innings Taylor's Shane Carmikle drove in two runs and David Steele tripled, but it would be too little as Ballingham won easily 18 - 5, eliminating Taylor from the playoffs.

September 15—Craig Abbot's team played Willie Vaughn's in a game thought to be close. Vaughn's team was flawless both defensively and Offensively. Tim Dunlap went 4 for 5, including two triples, and Marty Garcia slammed a homerun, giving the Vaughn boys an easy victory. The outfield of Conti, Dunlap, Montes,

and Mendez closed the door on Abbott, catching every ball hit their way. Final score 25 - 4.

September 17—Ben Vigil's team squared off against Mike Ballingham's in the consolation bracket. Vigil jumped out to an early lead, scoring eight runs in the first inning. Vigil won the game 16 - 11.

September 19—The Abbott and Vigil teams clashed in the next elimination round. Abbott took an early lead, but triples by Ben Vigil and Ron Peterson evened the score. After regulation play the game was tied at seven. In extra innings, Troy Buys belted a ball deep to left-center, scoring the go-ahead run. Jeff Liesten then doubled to score two insurance runs. Abbot's team won the close one 10 - 8.

## Championship Game

September 22—The state was set for the Wasatch World Series. Willie Vaughn and his crew placed their unbeaten playoff record against Craig Abbott's team. Through five innings, Vaughn's team built a ten point lead, with a homerun by Anthony Montes, triples by Wade Simonsen and Brian Eames, and a 2RBI double by Jonas Sutton.

Feeling their championship hopes fading, Abbott's team mounted an offensive strike. Troy Buys hit his second triple to start the rally. Charles Fowler tripled and Brant Davis hit a 2RBI homerun. In his next plate appearance, Buys hit a double, giving him a perfect 5-for-5 at the plate. In a come-from-behind victory, Abbott's team won, forcing a final game between the two teams. The nine-inning, two-day affair was the longest game with the highest number of total runs in prision history. Final score was 35 - 31.—*Julio Valdez*

## OQUIRRH SPORTS

**L**ED BY FAVORITES DAVID GONZALES and Bruce Clinard, seven teams gave sports fans in the Oquirrhus pure excitement in the 1992 Racquetball tournament. After Roy O'Connor and Jason Kelley dropped out it, looked like it would come down between Clinard/Gonzales and the team of Sylvester Sly Scott and Toya Jazzy Jeff Reynolds.

In the first round Gonzales and Clinard skunked Scott/Reynolds 7 - 0. By beating



skunked Scott/Reynolds 7 - 0. By beating the surprise team of Pete Romero and Reuben Gomez by a score of 15 - 2 they moved to the finals.

Romero/Gomez played Scott/Reynolds in the semis. Tied at 6 all, Scott and Reynolds turned up the steam and won going away 15 - 8, to set up the final with Clinard/Gonzales. In a close and heated battle, with each team taking their turns at scoring, it came down to who would make the first mistake. That turned out to be a wide shot by Reynolds, and with three straight points, Clinard/Gonzales went on to win the finals 15 - 12. Congratulations to the USP Racquetball champions and thanks to all who participated.—*Grant Stensrud*

August 19—With a 2RBI homerun by Robert Martin, Jr., a triple and home run by Ikaleo Tongamana, and doubles from Bruce Ellis and David Gonzales, Mr. Hardees took the jump out of the Hurdlers 16 - 5.

August 20—Triples by Lyndon Dancer Lee, Brian McGuire, and Sam Shafer, and homeruns by Howard Jack Shaffer and Sam Shafer gave Doug Kay's Road Warriors the gas they needed for a 18 - 6 win over the Over the Hill Gang.

August 21—In spite of a ten run second inning behind doubles by Ed Speer, Steve Sieg, Jason Kelly, and Anthony Nunn, and a five run fourth with Kelly's triple and Speer's homerun, the Gang lost this close game to the Hell Raisers. The Raisers made a surprising come-back in the fourth with a homerun by Steve Peters, triples by Pete Romero and Cedric Booker, and a pair of doubles from Ken Parsons. Final score 22 - 21.

August 26—Mr. Hardees beat Summer Thunder in an overtime eighth inning game when Bruce Ellis banged a single to drive in Julio Valdez for the winning run. A homerun and triple by Robert Martin, Jr., triples by Jeff Reynolds, Ikaleo Tongamana, and Troy Ortega provided Hardees' punch. Standouts for Thunder were Edward Spinks, Grant Stensrud, Tommy Coleman, and Wadell Harper. Final score 12 - 11.

August 27—With a seven run second inning, the Bears beat the Gang 10 - 9.

In the next game the Road Warriors scored eleven runs in the first two innings behind extra base hits by Brian McGuire and Jay Bodily. The Hell Raisers came back with an eleven run inning of their own with help from Pete Romero, Richard Gutierrez, and David Cruz.

Lyndon Dancer Lee stepped up and

blasted a two run homer to break the tie and the Warriors won 24 - 23.

August 28—Julio Valdez banged 3 doubles and a 3RBI round-tripper, Jeff Reynolds added a double and homerun, and David Gonzales, Lyle Hendricks, Bruce Ellis, Ikaleo Tongamana threw in their doubles to beat the Hell Raisers 10 - 9.

September 2—Doubles by Julio Valdez and Jeff Reynolds, triples by Bruce Ellis and Tongamana, and a homerun from Robert Martin, Jr. gave Mr. Hardees the punch they needed to beat the Hurdlers 10 - 4.

Danny Padilla, Bob Versluis, Duncan Sampson, and Brian McPherson all hit triples to lead Summer Thunder to a 13 - 8 win over the Hell Raisers. Steve Peters and Ken Parsons got extra base hits for the losers.

September 3—Ken Birdsong's homerun and Jay Bodily and Brian McGuire's doubles led Doug Kay's Warriors to a 21 - 17 victory over an improved Over the Hill Gang.

September 9—Mr. Hardees, with extra base hits from Julio Valdez, Jeff Reynolds, Bruce Ellis, David and John Gonzales, hammered the Gang 22 - 4.

September 10—After seven hard-fought innings, Romero's Hell Raisers took a 15 - 11 victory over the Torrez Gang and advanced to the playoff semi-finals. They scored eleven runs in the fifth inning with triples by Cedric Booker and doubles by Romero and Armondo Sanchez. Bruce Ulibari's RBI triple in the seventh provided the winning margin.

In the other playoff game, Mr. Hardees advanced to the semi-finals with a 19 - 9 win over the Hurdlers. Homeruns by Ikaleo Tongamana, John Gonzales, Troy Ortega, and Bruce Ellis; two triples by Julio Valdez, one by Jeff Reynolds, and a double by Troy Ortega led the hamburger attack.

September 17—The Over the Hill Gang advanced to the playoffs with an 18 - 15 victory over Mr. Hardees. Paul Martinez, Johnny Martinez, Dennis Shuffler, James Lucero, and Martin Ontiveros got extra base hits for the winners.

The Hell Raisers, with hits from the entire roster, advanced to the playoffs with a 14 - 10 win over the Hurdlers.

September 18—Bob Versluis' homerun, Duncan Sampson's triple, and John Fauro's double gave Padilla's Thunder a third inning 3 - 1 lead. The Warriors went ahead in the fourth with RBIs from Bruce Clinard and Ken Birdsong. Thunder tied it in the six with doubles by Spinks and Harper. The Warriors won the game in the bottom of the final

inning when Jay Bodily knocked in the winning run. Final score 5 - 4.

Romero's Hell Raisers eased the Torrez Gang out of the playoffs with a 28 - 27 victory. Richard Gutierrez slammed a homerun and a double for 5 RBIs, Pete Romero hit a triple and a double, David Cruz, Cedric Booker, and Andree Scott blasted triples, and Bruce Ulibari, Trenton Frith, and Robert Reyes hit doubles to lead the Raisers' attack.

September 23—Led by Danny Padilla and Wadell Harper's 3RBI homeruns and extra-base hits by John Thompson, Greg Jensen, Edward Spinks, and Jon Chadwick, Padilla's Summer Thunder advanced to the finals with a 27 - 20 win over Romero's Hell Raisers.

## OQUIRRH CHAMPIONSHIP GAME

September 24—#1 Padilla's Summer Thunder vs. Doug Kay's Road Warriors. Thunder's Grant Stensrud slammed a 2RBI homerun to give them an early lead, but the Warriors raced back with eight runs in the second, including homeruns by Jay Bodily and Howard Shaffer, a triple by Marshall Jones, and doubles by Brian McGuire, Ken Birdsong, Doug Kay, and Sam Shafer. They racked up three additional runs in the fourth behind Bodily's 2 RBI double.

Thunder pulled in 3 runs in the fifth with a triple by Stensrud and a double by Spinks. The Warriors followed with a double by Kay, and singles by Bruce Clinard and Marshall Jones for four and a 15 - 8 lead. Howard Shaffer's triple, and McGuire and Clinard's doubles gave the Warriors two more for a final score of 17 - 8.

I compliment the fine athletes on both teams as well as all the players here at the Oquirrh for some excellent games. Thanks to the umpires, especially John Gonzales and Dennis Busby who did a great job during the championship game. Congratulations to Doug Kay and his team for taking all the marbles in a series well played.—*Bryant Wilson*

## Answer to Freeman's Sports Puzzle

4	9	2
3	5	7
8	1	6



# NEWS

## Miscellaneous

### READERS FOR THE BLIND FETE

**T**HIRTY OF THE SOUTH POINT'S VOLUNTEERS for the Reading for the Blind project were treated to a banquet in the Oqhirrh visiting room Friday night, September twenty-third. As you already know, the inmates read and record on tape textbooks, fiction, and poetry for the blind, visually handicapped, physically handicapped, and the reading disabled. They are Joe Finefeuiaki's prison arm of the Utah Library for the Blind and Physically Handicapped.

The director of the Utah Library for the Blind, Gerald A. Buttars moderated the banquet program, and special guests included Amy Owen, Bessie Oakes, Michael Sweeny, Dennis Hall, Sharon Crandall, Scott Carver, Fred Hurst, James Watts, Jay Leslie, Mark Roberts, and Joe Finefeuiaki. Volunteer coordinator Sharon Crandall gave a volunteer report, and Joe introduced the inmate coordinators Victor Gillies, Arvin Shreeve, Dale Jensen, Sean McFadden, and Mike Ballingham, all of whom addressed the guests.

One hundred and twenty inmate readers from the Oquirrhs, SSD, and the Wasatch last year donated twenty-four thousand plus hours reading, coordinating, reviewing, and duplicating to ready the tapes for the blind. At a modest \$10 an hour, the effort amounts to a two hundred and fifty thousand dollar contribution.

Last year the South Point readers recorded 134 textbooks and 105 titles of local interest. They duplicated 192 titles and 3,771 copies. The volunteer reading

hours alone were close to ten thousand.

The reading rooms currently are scattered all over the South Point. Joe Finefeuiaki and Mark Roberts, Program Coordinator, have organized a plan to house all reading efforts in the farm's E-Dorm. The facility will cost \$20,000, has the Warden's approval, and now awaits the go-ahead from Director O. Lane McCotter.

After the dinner I talked to the Wasatch coordinator, Mike Ballingham, to get an inmate's perspective on the program's progress. He was excited to tell me about the progress he has made in the building. He has increased the reading hours in his area from a previous monthly high of 130 to a current four hundred plus. He hopes to reach six hundred by the first of the year.

The men in the South Point who contributed their time are coordinator Mike Ballingham, Carl Albrechtsen, Richard Bain, Stanley Erb, John Holloway, Tom Ossana, Todd Thompson, Charles Allen, Grant Barnes, Mark DiSalvatore, Everett Duncan, Larry Hillman, Shane Hochstetler, David Oreno, Tom Soper, Daniel White, Lance Stewart, and Kevin Harward from the Wasatch; and coordinators Arvin Shreeve, Victor Gillies, Dale Jensen and Sean McFadden, and readers Dennis Roybal, Benny Grover, Bob Christensen, Tim Edwards, Stewart Simpson, Jared Phillips, Dale Jensen, Brent Brooks, Louis Knight, Ray Mariani, Mike Townsend, Lance Stewart, Dennis Shuffler, Ron Hinkley, John Meginnis, Jeff Nelson, Jason Kelly, Daniel Laird, Ed Speer, Aaron Bledsoe, John Douglas, and Anthony Woods from the Oquirrhs.—Tom

### LEGAL RESOURCES

**O**NE OF THE MOST NEEDED RESOURCES FOR Utah prisoners is a source of case law. In response to this I was recently provided with a list of law libraries that will provide copies of case law, statutes, and other materials. You need the correct citation. Since the list is old, please use caution as the libraries listed may no longer provide this service. There is usually a small charge for these services, so be sure to find out what it will cost to receive the requested material. Libraries furnishing this service follow:

Meikejohn Civil Liberties Library  
1715 Francisco St.  
Berkley, California 94703

Fresno County Law Library  
Room 600 County Courthouse  
Fresno, California 93712

California State Library  
Law Library  
Box 2037  
Sacramento, California 95809

University of San Diego Law Library  
Alcala Park  
San Diego, California 92110

Kern County Law Library  
306 Administration & Courts Bldg.  
1415 Truxton Ave.  
Bakersfield, California 93301

South Bay University College of Law  
809 East Victoria  
Carson, California

University of West Los Angeles,  
Law School Library  
11000 West Washington Blvd.  
Culver City, California 90230

University of California at Davis  
Law Library  
Davis, California 95616

La Verne College Law Center Library  
1950 Third St.  
La Verne, California 91750

Alameda County Law Library  
Room 200, Courthouse  
Oakland, California 94612



San Mateo County Law Library  
Hall of Justice and Records  
Redwood City, California 94063

San Diego County Law Library  
1105 Front St.  
San Diego, California 92101

Golden State University Law Library  
536 Mission  
San Francisco, California 94105

Santa Clara County Law Library  
191 North First St.  
San Jose, California 95153

San Luis Obispo County Law Library  
Courthouse, Room 309  
San Luis Obispo, California 93401

Orange County Law Library  
515 North Flower St.  
Santa Ana, California 92703

Mendocino County Law Library  
Courthouse  
Ukiah, California 95482

Tulare County Law Library  
305 County Civic Center  
Visalia, California 93277

Siskiyou County Law Library  
Courthouse  
Eureka, California 96097

These resources, while out of state, can supplement what little resource material is available in the State of Utah.

—Robert Haston

## DAVE'S GREENHOUSE GARDEN

FOR THE PAST TWO WINTERS, WHEN COLD weather invades this tiny community nestled in the southern end of Salt Lake valley and stiff, cold breezes drive most inmates into their respective housing units for the winter, Dave Sheppard has hunkered down over a landscape drawing of what he hopes the prison garden will look like the following spring.

"Each year we have to change locations of each crop to enable them to grow better. It drains the ground of minerals and nutrients when a crop is planted in the same place twice," Dave said. "We've also had a little more dirt to plow each year I've been

here. This year we've added the perimeter gardens around the inside of the second fence, mostly punkins in those areas."

Dave and the guys who work just north of the Wasatch facility have done amazing things with ground that would have been condemned for highway use or a nuclear waste site. Walking down isle after isle of vegetables, spices, and fruit



**Dave Sheppard and Crew:** Back Row from the left is Tim Cromwell, Jerry Baca, and Terry Hamilton. In Front are Dave, himself, and Charley Crick.

makes for some interesting introspection. It brings back memories of gardens out behind the garage or barn, the gardens of childhood, the ones crowded in corners of backyards across America. It's hard to believe something so beautiful and cared for is located inside the fences of a prison.

Tomatoes, cucumbers, five kinds of squash, green beans, assorted peppers, lettuce, red and green cabbage, sweet and winter peas, corn, eggplant, celery, and onions show the variety of vegetables grown. On the spice list are oregano, marjoram, anise, tarragon, sage, parsley, and fennel. By the end of September the majority of watermelon, cantaloupe, peaches, nectarines, raspberries, and strawberries have been harvested; most of the fruit products went to local food banks. Still to be harvested are thousands of pounds of potatoes, pumpkins, onions, tomatoes, and more peppers than you can imagine.

Mr. Sheppard said about half of the net harvest in vegetables has gone to the culinary for use here at South Point, over ten tons all tolled. Another ten to twelve tons of vegetables has been sent to local food banks to be sent to shelters and the homeless. The profits from the garden are paying for part of the construction costs in a new eighty by forty foot greenhouse just north of the present greenhouse.

With only ten inmates on the payroll it seems that the food-garden programs at the prison are looking at great success and a larger role in feeding the prison population. There are even ramblings on of moving the fence of the ball diamond back to make room for more garden. The fellows on the garden crew spend most of every day planting, building, and maintaining what has become quite a project at South Point. They deserve one hell of a pat on the back. Devotion to helping the prison, the poor, the handicapped, and the homeless has to be one of the healthiest examples of character

building yet seen in Corrections.—Steve

## INSIGHT'S NEW CASEWORKER

A FEW OF THE MEN AT SSD, the Advantage program members to be more specific, have probably completed the tearful, heart rending grieving process after losing their caseworker the first of October. It seems that when the prison needs something done, there are very few to whom they can turn for completing the work. Meridith Johnson has a natural knack for launching productive programming for inmates and was taken from the boys at Advantage to restructure—rebuild—what is left of the Insight program after fourteen months of neglect.

Meridith says the thirteen months with Advantage had been extremely productive, and she has a lot of mixed emotions with the move to C-block. The Advantage



program, where Meridith served as social/caseworker, consists of a maximum thirty-two mentally ill offenders of all types. Psych-aides to the Advantage inmates were also her responsibility; these *helpers* are members of the Merit and Revamp programs. "It's hard to leave all the progress, triumphs, and lives behind just to start over again," she said. "The program is running well, but I would have liked to cover a little more territory; it's hurting a little."

Being part of the new mental health unit replacing C-block and the Insight program will serve as another learning experience for Meridith. "I know things are not going well, and they're not going to be the same. For one thing this isn't going to be a hiding place anymore," she said. Her emphasis will be on programming and hard work. The mainstays of her treatment philosophy involve "Thinking errors, uncovering dysfunctional behaviors in life, and cycles." Meridith said she intends to meet with inmates weekly through small therapy groups consisting of seven or eight persons per therapy group. She believes she will be able to know "where each member is at" through these groups, something that will enable her to better understand each and every inmate. She added, "Continuing the *real* groups and therapies is important. There will be added emphasis on adding new and meaningful therapy."

Meridith moved to Utah to attend Brigham Young University for two years, where she received a degree in Family Relations. She also received a Drug and Alcohol Counseling certificate from the University of Utah. Cody, Wyoming, is her real home, and her parents still reside there. Fourteen years at Child Welfare Services preceded her, thus far, three year employment at Southpoint. Her two sons and daughter are all grown up now and reside in Utah County; about a year ago her oldest son blessed her with the new title, "Grammah."

Meridith finished by saying that she has high expectations for the new program and will not follow inmates around, checking on their responsibilities; the work required is to be done. She wants a program that will help inmates change their lifestyles and thinking patterns. Behaviors should be found and dealt with now, so the inmate can return to society and have a productive life.

Good luck, Meridith!—Steve

## COMMISSARY WOES

SEVERAL TIMES OVER THE LAST FEW MONTHS, *SouthPoint* magazine has received derogatory mail expressing frustration with the commissary department. Most inmates want to know what can be done to remedy being regularly denied so many items.

While it is understandable that commissary has problems, it is hard to believe that, with the new coding system, inmates still must wait week after week for out-of-stock items such as hygiene supplies, vitamins, and coffee. Other items that are missing regularly include chips, soda, t-shirts and stereos.

During the month of September, we made some lists of out-of-stock items. It came as no surprise that most items ordered were listed as out sometime during the month. Twice during the month hundreds of bags of coffee were marked as out. During the third week of commissary twenty-five inmates on Baker block did not receive ordered cigarettes; in the Southpoint roughly four hundred bags of coffee were denied as out-of-stock. For the month as a whole hundreds of bags of chips were not delivered.

If the commissary system is designed to be punitive by denying inmates access to items in the catalog, state that as a fact, then at least deliver hygiene and health products upon demand or have them available through the prison when they are not supplied through commissary. How much sense does it make to tell inmates, staff, and the community that commissary at the prison is a losing venture, when hundreds and possibly thousands of dollars in profits are lost each month due to the ineffectiveness in stocking?—Steve

## ABA CORRECTIONS SUMMIT

ON THE EVE OF THE APRIL 1992 "Corrections Summit" the American Bar Association released a new report, *The Use of Incarceration in the United States: A look at the Present and the Future*, by Professor Lynn S. Branham.

The ABA report is written with members of state and local bars in mind, and urges them to assume responsibility for pushing sentencing and correctional reform. However, it offers important food for thought for anyone with a role in

corrections, be they lawyers, corrections officials, community groups, legislators, judges or otherwise.

The report is divided into three sections. The first one provides a clear and detailed picture of incarceration today. Recommendations for reform follow in section two. The report concludes by advising state and local bars to work for reform with suggestions on how they might do so effectively. An Appendix includes the full text of the ABA's Model Community Corrections Act which was approved by the ABA's House of Delegates in February 1992.

One characteristic which sets this report apart is its sense of balance and the lack of a hidden agenda. Professor Branham has clearly heard, and more importantly, listened to arguments and complaints from corrections administrators, judges, lawyers and others. In this report she puts the facts about incarceration on the table and gives them a good hard look, then asks, "How can we do this better?"

In the first section, "Where We are Today," Branham lays the groundwork for the report's recommendations. She discusses the number of people incarcerated in U.S. prisons and jails; their age, race, ethnicity and type of offense; how long their sentences are; and whether they previously have been convicted of a crime.

Branham offers five key reasons why, based on her research, more people are incarcerated today. The crime rate is not the culprit. According to the National Crime Survey, the level of crime was 14.5% lower in 1990 than in 1980 and was fairly stable in the years in between; yet, in the same ten years, the prison population grew by 133.8%.

The population increase can be better explained by the following:

1. A higher percentage of people are being sentenced to prison for crimes that, at one time, either would not have been prosecuted or would have resulted in a non-incarcerative sentence;
2. Longer sentences are being imposed for some crimes (though Branham points out that sentence lengths are due for some up-to-date analysis);
3. More restrictive parole and release policies;
4. Increased probation and parole revocations (i.e., in 1978, 8% of prison admissions in California were parole violators; in 1988, 45%)

5. demographic factors. From 1974 to 1986, the national population experienced a double-digit increase in the number of people in their 20's, "the prison prone years."

The costs and benefits of all this incarceration, under Branham's scrutiny, yield some surprises. For instance, in 1991, the average cost to incarcerate a prisoner for one year was reported as \$17,545.55. However, the report notes, this figure omits costs such as pensions for correctional officers and contract mental health care. Weighing all factors, the annual expense reaches \$30,000 per inmate.

What does this mean for state budgets and taxpayers? In Delaware, it takes all of the state income tax paid by 18 residents to keep just one state prisoner incarcerated for a year. In California in 1990, when the states prison population experienced the sharpest increase in the country, the legislature cut the education budget by 2 billion to pay for more prisons.

With so many people incarcerated, is the country safer? The answer is no, and Branham cites supporting crime statistics and several reports on recidivism and criminal incapacitation as proof.

Having given us the bad news, Branham follows with some good news as 12 recommendations that "hold the promise of making our criminal-punishment system more effectual." Branham rescues the recommendations from becoming mere rhetoric by substantiating them with detailed work plans and reports.

The recommendations--abbreviated here--suggest that states and localities:

1. Adopt a comprehensive community corrections act, to include a broad range of sanctions for non-violent offenders to be used not only at sentencing but also when sanctioning parole and probation violators. The ABA's Model Adult Community Corrections Act provides a detailed plan for developing and implementing such a program.
2. Adopt sentencing guidelines that include a range of community-based sanctions.
3. Draft sentencing guidelines to ensure that prison space is generally reserved for violent offenders.
4. Expand the use of means-based fines. Fines are widely used with much success in other countries.
5. Allow for a graduated response, within a sentencing system, to a violation of a community-based sanction or parole.

Prison need not be the automatic response. Sanction options, which become more severe depending on the level of offense, include restricted mobility in the community, increased supervision, special conditions, and financial penalties.

6. Repeal mandatory minimum sentences.

Branham notes, "These statutes are the product of what has practically become a shoving match between politicians to demonstrate who is the toughest on crime."

7. Prepare correctional impact statements before enacting legislation that would raise the number of people under correctional supervision. These statements should forecast the legislation's effect in terms of prison space, staff, programs and costs.

8. Require sentencing guidelines commissions to draft and adjust sentencing guidelines that are commensurate with the capacity of the jurisdiction's correctional system.

9. Provide a range of programs--educational, vocational, mental-health, substance abuse treatment, counseling, and others-- to reduce recidivism. These programs should be fully funded and of high quality.

Branham understands that many Americans object to the idea of providing job training to prisoners when their access to these programs is limited. She offers a convincing "pay now or pay later" argument in which she notes that if we don't pay for these programs while the prisoner is incarcerated, chances are that we'll be paying for his incarceration all over again at a much greater cost.

10. Inmates who are not going to school full-time should work while incarcerated

11. Develop release programs to help ensure a prisoner's successful return to life on the "outside."

12. Earmark at least 3-5% of a corrections budget for research to study the system's

effectiveness and cost-efficiency. Branham also emphasizes the need for more research into racial and ethnic disparity in the criminal justice system. Evident disparities raise "questions which go to the very heart of the integrity of the criminal justice system."

Branham concludes the ABA report by urging an overhaul of sentencing and corrections systems. Such an overhaul, she notes, must stress "accountability: accountability of offenders to their victims and society and accountability of government officials to the public."

Finally, she says, "Reform only occurs through hard work and over time. And now is the time for the hard work of reforming the nations sentencing and corrections system to begin."

*The Use of Incarceration in the United States: A Look at the Present and the Future*, by Professor Lynn S. Branham, is available from ABA Order Fulfillment, 750 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, IL 60611, for \$8.75 prepaid. Checks should be made to American Bar Association, request Order #5090051.

Next month we'll take a look at Corrections' 5 year plan.—Steve

## UTAH DAY-CARE CENTER MAKES NEWS IN PLAYBOY

OFFICIALS AT A UTAH DAY-CARE CENTER said they saw nothing amiss when a six-foot-three-inch-tall man weighing 220 pounds and wearing a girl's pink dress and diaper showed up to enroll one morning. The officials said they became suspicious at nap time (possibly because the man was wearing heavy pink makeup and blue eye shadow) and subsequently expelled him as a possible pervert.—from a recent Playboy magazine

## ONE GREAT MAN!

"Tell a lie, tell it often enough, and the people will believe it."—Adolph Hitler

"Government is not reason. it is not eloquence—it is force. Like fire, it is a dangerous servant and a fearful master."

To great truths! One great man!  
—Tom Peters



graphic by Gary Cross



## COWBOYS ALWAYS GO THAT EXTRA MILE

**Tom Killeen**

The stillness of the early dawn,  
Is almost the quietest time of day.  
Sullen faces, withdrawn from sight,  
Never too awful much to say.

Hay and grain the horses, check your gear,  
The coffee's almost done.  
It won't be long, they'll hit the trail,  
A cowboys day has just begun.

The leather creaks when they climb aboard,  
Muscles stretch to meet the swell.  
Someone says it will be a hot one,  
As they turn their horses toward hell.

Hell is a barren alkali stretch,  
Between the cows and the prairie grass.  
It's where a man must watch his every step,  
It's where horse and rider can bury their ass.

As they make that ride, the silence grows,  
The cowboy sees what's seldom seen.  
They see the beauty that lies within the mire,  
They know how beauty can turn real mean.

The cows they watch the riders approach,  
They start bawling for their young.  
They stand their ground, they cannot see,  
Why they must move so now they run.

The sweat streaks down the cowboys back,  
The salt drips in his eyes.  
It's an everyday occurrence,  
It's what happens when a cowboy rides.

To know the way that one must feel,  
When you walk the barren plain.  
To feel the rain drops beat your brow,  
To know you'll live to ride again.

I smile for my cowboy friends,  
They're all made in a different style.  
They do their jobs, they act as one,  
For Cowboys Always Go that Extra Mile

## SOUTHPOINT

# MOVIE GUIDE

11/4 *Blood of Heros* PG 109

**Rutger Hauer, Joan Chen**

Futuristic gladiators challenge the league champions to a game of juggling, an ultra-violent competition where opponents battle for possession of a dog skull.

11/6 *Paradise* PG 109

**Don Johnson, Melanie Griffith, Elijah Wood**

Don Johnson and Melanie Griffith give extraordinary performances as a couple whose grief over the death of their young son is tearing their marriage apart. Elijah Wood co-stars as the shy, lonely boy who helps them rediscover their love for each other.

11/11 *Shauna* R

11/13 *Butchers Wife* R 105

**Demi Moore, Jeff Daniels**

Demi Moore, *Mortal Thoughts*, follows her mega-hit *Ghost* with another venture into the supernatural. Moore stars as a backwoods clairvoyant who marries a Greenwich Village butcher. She has a bewitching effect on her new neighbors, including the skeptical psychiatrist, Jeff Daniels, who falls under her spell.

11/18 *Extreme Prejudice* R 105

**Nick Nolte, Powers Boothe**

Showdown between a Texas Ranger and a drug kingpin for control of a Mexican town.

11/20 *Shattered*

11/25 *Bugsy* R 135

**Warren Beatty, Annette Bening**

Real life lovers Warren Beatty and Annette Bening turn up the heat in the sensational story of the ill-fated romance between prohibition-era gangster Bugsy Siegel and glamorous Virginia Hill, the Hollywood starlet who inspired him to build the fabulous Flamingo Hotel.

11/27 *Cape Fear* R

**Jessica Lange, Julia Lewis, Robert DeNiro, and Nick Nolte**

Martin Scorsese brings the audience to its knees in a remake of the 1962 thriller starring Robert Mitchum and Gregory Peck, both of whom have cameos here. Robert DeNiro is a psychopath who returns to terrorize the attorney (Nick Nolte) who blew his defense and sent him to prison for fourteen years. A riveting movie.

12/2 *The Fifth Monkey* R

**Ben Kingsley**

A hunter finds adventure and love as he treks across Brazil.



# TRIVIA MANIA

## Movies— Leading Men

73. This great black singer and actor made a number of films. Some of them are *The Emperor Jones*, *Showboat*, and *Tales of Manhattan*.

74. He is seen primarily in villain roles. He won an Academy Award for his performance in *Judgment at Nuremberg*. Other films of his are *The Young Lions*, *The Man in the Glass Booth*, and *The Deadly Affair*.

75. He comes back to the screen in John Waters' *Polyester*, with Divine as his co-star.

76. Diana Ross is his co-star in this account of Billie Holiday's life, *Lady Sings the Blues*.

77. Jean Arthur falls in love with him but he has no intention of being tied down in *A Lady Takes a Chance*.

78. These two fine British comics team up in this story of an elaborate bank heist foiled by an old woman, *The Ladykillers*.

79. He specialized in villains in such films as *Shane*, *Barrabas*, and *The Big Knife*.

80. A beautiful woman is accused of murdering her husband in *The Paradine Case*. He plays the young lawyer who falls in love while defending her.

81. His screen roles invariably are of strong personalities. Some of his screen credits are *Eyewitness*, *Royal Hunt of the Sun*, and *The Sound of Music*.

82. *A Raisin in the Sun*, *Porgy and Bess*, *Lilies of the Field*, *To Sir with Love*, and *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner* are just a few of his film credits.

83. His non-acting style made him a star. His films include *Bullitt*, *The Reivers*, and *The Great Escape*.

84. He won an Academy Award for best supporting actor in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. Lately he is seen as a spokesman for American Express.

85. He has become one of America's top box-office draws. His films include *Hopscotch*, *The Sunshine Boys*, *The Fortune Cookie*, and *Cactus Flower*.

86. This great French singer has also had a long a varied film career. Some of his movies are *Z*, *The Wages of Fear*, and *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever*.

87. His screen appearance as a down-on-his-luck, small time hood in Louis Malle's *Atlantic City* has gathered critical acclaim.

88. They were perhaps the screen's finest comedy duo in such silent classics as *The Battle of the Century*, *Wrong Again*, and *Big Business*.

89. His Mr. Moto movies in the late 30s were extremely popular.

90. He was type-cast as a heroic, likeable guy throughout his film career. His films include *Union Pacific*, *Wells Fargo*, and *The Virginian*.

91. He usually appears as suave villains or lady-killers. This German actor's films include *I Aim at the Stars*, *Inn of the Sixth Happiness*, and *The Longest Day*.

92. Many consider his prime characterization to have been *Frankenstein*. This famous screen actor

also appeared in *The Body Snatchers* and *Isle of the Dead*.

93. He played a skinny comedic counterpoint to Fatty Arbuckle in over 14 films such as *The Butcher Boy*. A star of slapstick comedy on his own, some of his films were *Sherlock Junior*, *The Cameraman*, and *College*. His last screen appearance was in *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*.

94. This actor's name is virtually synonymous with film epics. They include *The Agony and the Ecstasy*, *The Greatest Story Ever Told*, and *El Cid*.

95. With Peter Fonda, he changed the minds of Hollywood's establishment with the low budget/big profit *Easy Rider*. His next feature was the excessive *The Last Movie*.

96. His rugged good looks made him the ideal star of the early 60s. Some of his films were *Pillow Talk*, *Man's Favorite Sport*, and *Send Me No Flowers*.

97. He has made a reputation in such films as *Rashomon* as Japan's top tough guy and premier actor.

98. He built his reputation as a suave and urbane ladies' man, but he and Richard Burton played long-time gay lovers in *Staircase*.

99. Simone Signoret was his mistress in the melodrama *Room at the Top*.

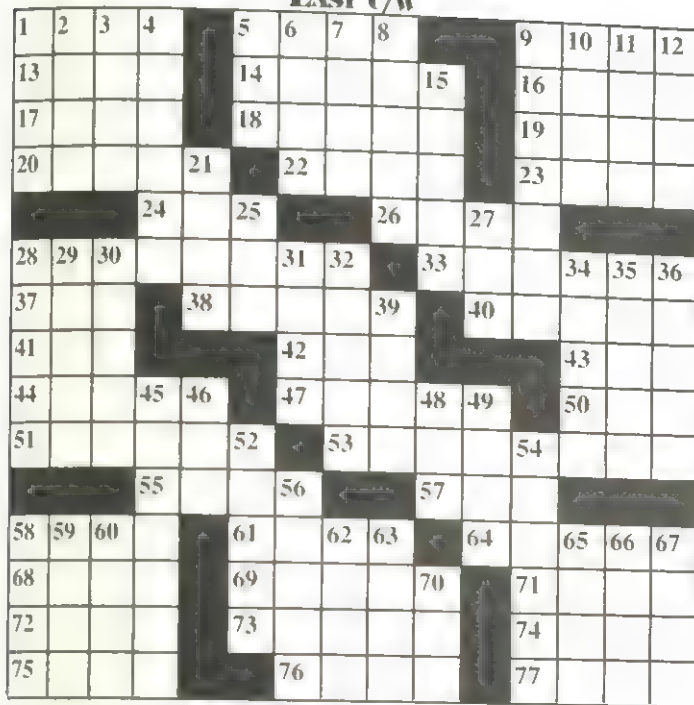
100. He made his reputation in silent films like *The Typhoon*. This Japanese actor also appeared in sound films such as *Bridge on the River Kwai* and *Swiss Family Robinson*.

101. He was known for his serious portrayals of regular men. His films include *They Came to Cordura*, *Stagecoach* (The 1966 remake), and *Shane*.





## EAST c/w



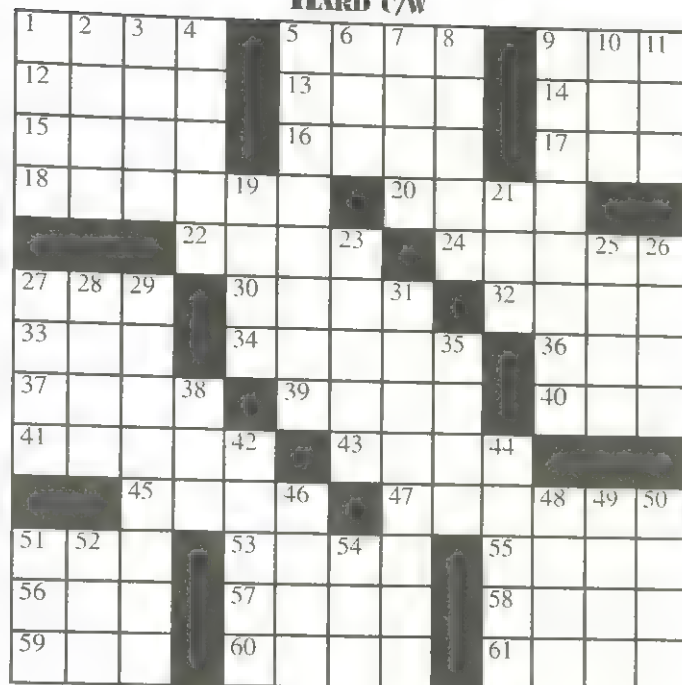
## Across

1. \_\_\_ Bear
5. Discover
9. Angel's instrument
13. Mr. Alda
14. Smells
16. Medicinal plant
17. Spider's creations
18. Shakespeare's Montague
19. Feline sound
20. Snoops around
22. Be in front
23. Scenery
24. Tease
26. Ship's upright
28. Droopy
33. Hi-fi
37. Fuss
38. Different
40. On \_\_\_ (winning): 2 wds.
42. Pod dweller
42. Yoko \_\_\_\_
43. Unopened flower
44. Mamas' partners
47. Now
50. "\_\_\_ on a Grecian Urn"
51. Most cunning
53. Newspaper worker
55. Ways: abbr.
57. \_\_\_ -la-la
58. BBs, e.g.
61. Speck
64. Rulers
68. Neckwear
69. Trim bushes
71. Chimney output
72. Eight: prefix
73. Cares for
74. Italian volcano
75. Lunch or dinner
76. Back talk
77. Visualized

## Down

1. Sleepy sign
2. Margarine
3. Chatters
4. Put into
5. Pro
6. Something worshipped
7. Alaskan city
8. Sleep image
9. Small pet
10. Toward shelter
11. Plant end
12. Church benches
15. Bubbly drinks
21. Farm building
25. Wager
27. Depot: abbr.
28. Norther herdsmen
29. Paragon
30. Lathered
31. "A \_\_\_ in the Dark"
32. Mexican title
34. Automaton
35. Avoid
36. More aged
39. Went by car
45. Spray can
46. Fast jet
48. Fitting
49. "Sergeant \_\_\_"
52. Entice
54. Salary hikes
56. Painful areas
58. Small particle
59. rodents
60. "I \_\_\_ man . . .": 2 wds.
62. Popular sandwich
63. Terminates
65. Memo
66. "\_\_\_ with the Wind"
67. Mr. Laurel
70. 19th letter

## HARD c/w



## Across

1. Boston
5. Knife wound
9. "Adam's \_\_\_"
12. Radiate
13. Period
14. Period
15. Layer
16. Rod and \_\_\_
17. Wooden nail
18. Chevron
20. \_\_\_ Scotia
22. Ball-points
24. Sits tight
27. Household god
30. Periods
32. Threesome
33. Hail!
34. Razor sharpener
36. House wing
37. Auction off
39. Toss
40. Sandra or Ruby
41. Characteristic
43. Track event
45. Period
47. More difficult
51. Garland
53. Comfort
55. Irish republic
56. Sea eagle
57. Sutherland song
58. Essayist Lamb
59. Little Woman
60. Incline
61. Pung

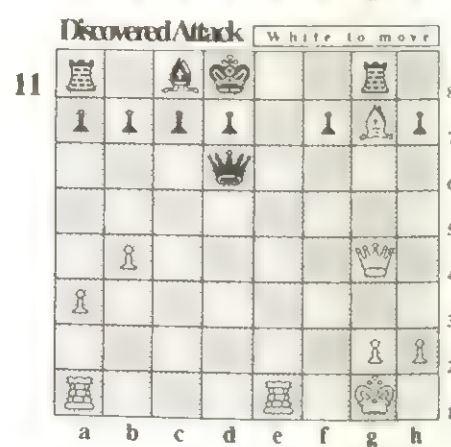
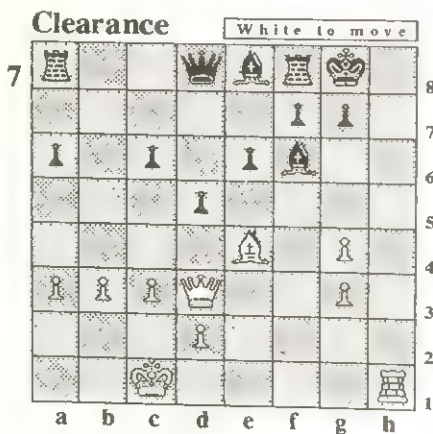
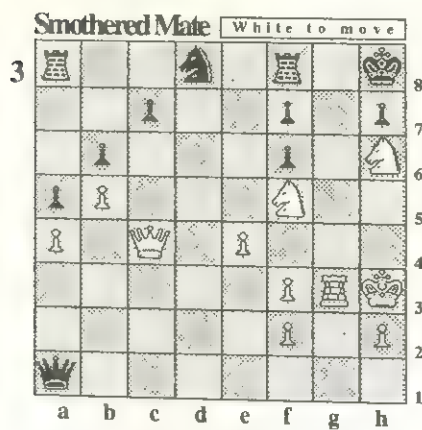
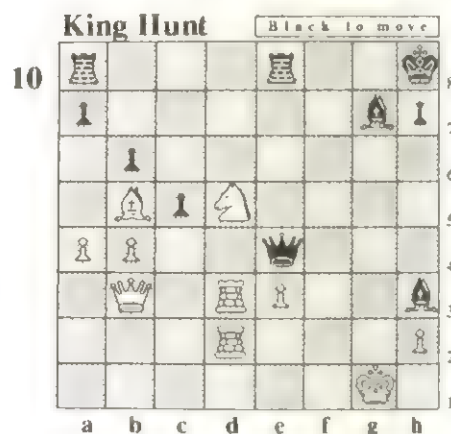
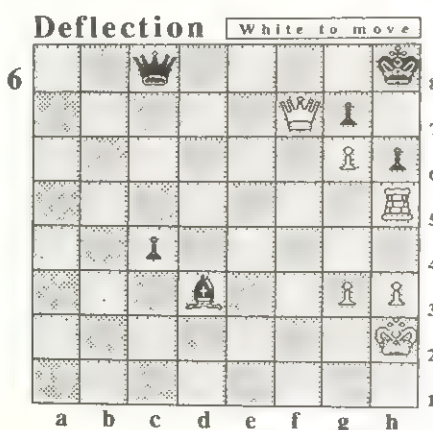
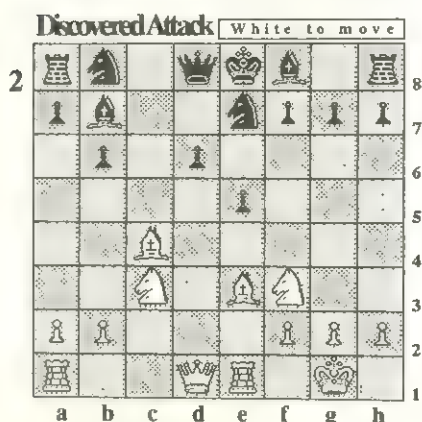
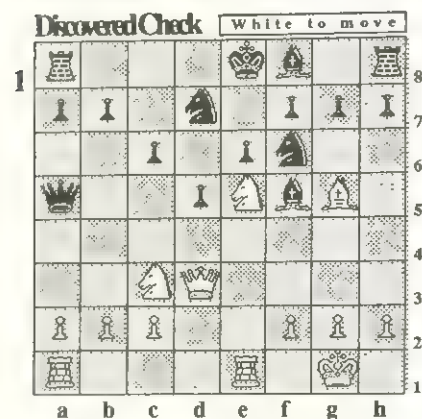
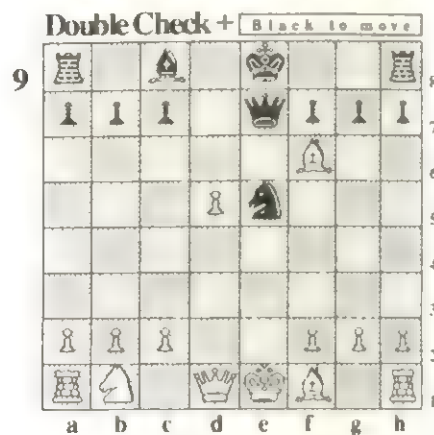
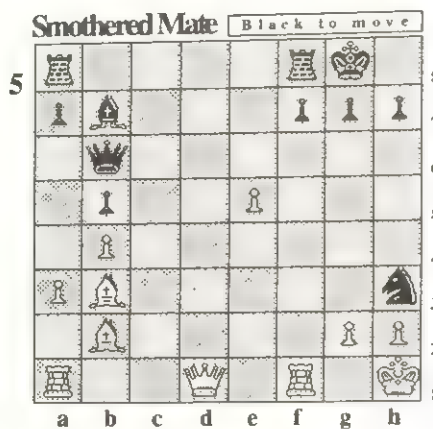
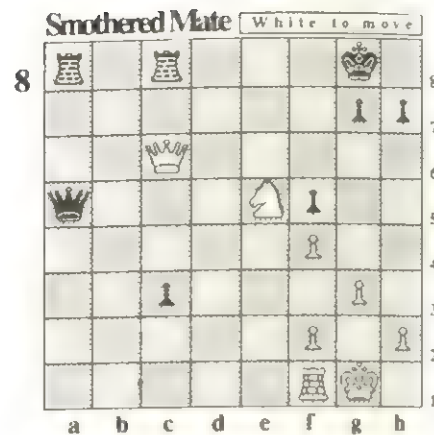
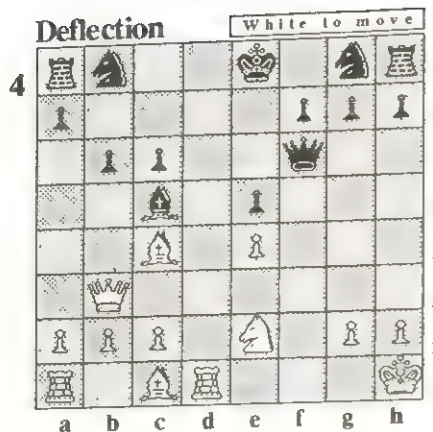
## Down

1. Favorites
2. Leave out
3. Wharf
4. "77 Sunset \_\_\_"
5. Power
6. Cravat
7. Prayer ending
8. Underneath
9. Fixed
10. Cholera
11. Sack
19. \_\_\_ and carrots
21. Large tub
23. Antitoxin
25. Tessera
26. Shoe bottom
27. Endure
28. Assert confidently
29. Telling
31. Poor loser
35. Entreaty
38. Recline
42. Trick or \_\_\_
44. Dogwoods
46. Female horse
48. Pickle spice
59. Cleveland's lake
50. \_\_\_ between the lines
51. Moon craft: abbr.
52. Before
54. Transgression





# CHESSTHE HOFMANN COMBINATIONS





L	A	C	E		R	O	D		C	A	T	O
A	L	U	M		E	L	I		A	D	E	N
S	E	R	E	N	A	D	E		L	A	N	E
S	E	E	R	E	D		H	E	L	M		
			G	A	Y		A	M	U	S	E	S
P	O	S	E	R		P	R	E	P	A	R	E
A	G	O			L	I	D			L	I	E
R	E	F	R	A	I	N		C	R	E	E	D
D	E	T	E	S	T		B	O	A			
			S	C	A	T		R	O	S	T	E
A	L	O	E			L	O	O	P	H	O	L
R	E	A	D			E	R	A		E	R	S
C	A	P	E			R	E	D		R	E	A

## COWBOY JOE

*Continued from page 6*

across her shoulders and then came back and told me to go with her, and I did. We went down town and into a doctor's place, and he fixed up the finger, and she paid him for it. When I protested that I didn't have any money, she just smiled and said not to worry about it.

"It didn't take long for me to see that Etta Place was the business head for Butch and Sundance; she even kept books on their expenditures and profits, and knew where every penny was spent.

"I've got to say right now that, although Etta was living in that 'house,' she was certainly not 'working' there, and I don't think she was the type, either. She was a beautiful, grand lady in every respect, and I'll never forget her kindness to me as a boy."

Clifford Norten eventually got his comeuppance—he returned to South America with Butch and Sundance under the alias "Dick Clifford" and was shot down with a companion after a series of robberies near Tres Cruces, Bolivia, in 1909.

When I first met Cowboy Joe more than twenty years ago, he asked me to accompany him to Green River, Wyoming, the county seat of Sweetwater County (my birth place, incidentally), on a strange mission. He wanted to confer with the county attorney to learn whether the statute of limitations may have run out on a murder he participated in back in the spring of 1908! When he was informed that nothing could be proven after such a lapse of time—"Hell," the county attorney told him, slapping him on the back, "at the time it was murder; now it's *history*!"—Joe told me the story.

Butch and Sundance were operating a rustling syndicate, stealing high-grade work horses—mostly Percherons—and driving them north to the wheat fields of Washington and Oregon, where they were sold at premium prices. One of the men involved in this enterprise was Dave Lant.

Lant was the son of a Mormon bishop from Payson, Utah. He herded sheep for the Church-owned syndicate there for a few years, then left his polygamous home and showed up at Vernal, Utah, about 1894. He herded sheep for John Reader for a time, with another herder, Walt McCoy. He also herded for Ed Samuels and was taught to shear sheep by W. C. Lybbert of

Vernal. For the most part, though wild, Lant was well liked. He had a reputation for drinking too much and carousing with disreputable women.

On February 4, 1897, Lant entered the Exchange Saloon in Vernal and, being drunk, got into an argument with the proprietor, James McNaughton. Lant struck McNaughton on the head with a bottle, cutting a deep gash, then reached into his pocket for another bottle. William McCaslin, another proprietor, thinking Lant was reaching for a gun, shot three times at Lant. The third shot struck Lant in the shoulder. Lant staggered from the saloon, mounted his horse, and rode down the street. A short distance away, he fell to the ground. Gus Emert found Lant in front of his home, unconscious. After receiving medical attention, both Lant and McNaughton recovered, and no charges were ever filed.

Dave Lant left town with Charles Lovit, alias Charles Fergeson, and Bill Johnson, alias William Dalton. On August 19, 1897, the three men robbed the Cook Brothers General Mercantile store at Woodruff, Utah. Lant was caught and sentenced to eight years in the Utah State Prison. On October 8, 1897, Lant and three other convicts escaped from prison, and Lant returned to the Vernal area with fellow escapee Harry Tracy.

Sheriff Preece, hearing that the fugitives were in the area, set out in pursuit. The outlaws stole horses in Vernal and fled to the reservation, where they traded horses with the Indians. They were next seen on the Duchesne bridge with Bob Atwood, a former convict. (Bob Atwood's brother, Alonzo, later married Maude Davis, ex-wife of Wild Bunch member Elzy Lay.) When Sheriff Preece rode up to the Atwood house, Mrs. Atwood denied that the fugitives were there; they were, however, hiding in the cellar.

With the help of friends, Lant and Tracy made it over Diamond Mountain to Brown's Park. Here they were surrounded by posses from two states, having been joined in their flight by one Patrick Louis Johnson who had recently shot and killed a fifteen-year-old boy named Willie Strang. Bennett, one of their friends who attempted to bring them supplies, was caught and hanged from the gatepost of the Bassett ranch. In a gun-fight with the lawmen, Harry Tracy killed one of the possemen, a Brown's Park rancher named Valentine Hoy.

Lant and Tracy were eventually captured and placed in the Routt County Jail at Hahn's Peak, Colorado. They made a daring escape when Tracy carved a fake gun from a bar of lye soap, blackened it with stove soot, and forced Sheriff Charles W. Neiman to release them. John Dillinger later used this technique to effect an escape, having learned it in a roundabout way from Lant. (See "The Man Who Taught Dillinger," by Kerry Ross Boren, *SouthPoint* magazine.)

Dave Lant headed immediately for Hole-in-the-Wall in Wyoming. Not long after, he enlisted for a term in the Spanish-American War in an effort to let things cool down. Afterward he joined the Baron Von Lamm gang, a remnant of the Wild Bunch, robbing banks and trains. In about 1905-06 Lant joined the gang of rustlers stealing and selling work horses in the northwest. He was thus connected when Joe Marsters joined the gang early in 1908.

Now, Cowboy Joe Marsters continues the story in his own words.

"... One of the men, Dave Lant, had sold some of the rustled horses in Washington and had spent all of the money on a woman in one of the towns (Portland, Oregon) and had come back empty-handed.

"Lant came riding in in a pretty sad way. He hadn't had any tobacco for most of the trip, and he went around begging some from some of the men. Neither Butch nor Sundance were in camp when Lant rode in, and he came over to me and said, 'Where's Butch?' I told him Butch was over in Brown's Park. He said, 'Gawd, I've got to get to Butch before Sundance finds me. If I just get to Butch, he will understand, but Sundance will kill me, I know it!'"

But Lant was too late. The Sundance Kid came riding in just about then, and he argued with Lant at some length. Finally, Sundance untied a rope from his saddle, put the loop over Lant's head, and held the slack tight. He then yelled at Joe to kick Lant's horse from under him. Joe protested that he wouldn't do it, whereby Sundance drew his gun, aimed it at Joe's head, and cocked the hammer. In a cold, deliberate tone, he told Joe, "By God, Kid, you do as I say, or you'll be the next to hang. Now kick that goddamned horse—now!" Joe kicked the horse in the flank, and Lant went kicking and bawling to his final reward. Joe buried him there, at Bridger Bottom on the Green River, beneath the cottonwood tree from which he was hanged. The site is



now beneath the waters of Flaming Gorge Reservoir.

Nevertheless, Joe hadn't escaped the full influence of Sundance's violent temper yet. Not long after this event, the "boys" all gathered at the old Bucket O' Blood saloon at Linwood to let off steam. Butch was away visiting an old girlfriend, Minnie Crouse, and Sundance was in charge.

I've heard my grandfather, Willard Schofield, tell about what happened next; Willard was bartending for Bob Swift, the owner of the saloon. The Bucket O' Blood was uniquely situated on the state line between Utah and Wyoming; all that a wanted man had to do was walk out the back door and cross a foot-bridge spanning Henry's Fork creek to be in Wyoming and out of local jurisdiction.

On this occasion Sundance was playing cards with Clifford Norten, Pete Miller, and the wild brothers Stanley and Clarence Crouse. Joe was sitting nearby, keeping company with *One-eyed* Jack Mass and Mass' girlfriend, Hazel Carroll. A little over a year earlier, in 1907, Hazel had murdered her father, Joe Carroll, in Minnie Crouse's boarding house, but had been absolved at an inquest when she claimed her sick father had committed suicide.

Early in the evening a stranger entered the saloon and began asking questions. He passed himself off as a sheepherder for John Mackay, the "millionaire sheepman" on Henry's Fork. His questions pointedly dealt with the recent and on-going range war between sheep and cattle interests.

Sundance listened intently for a while, then at last got up slowly from his card game and approached the stranger. Looking the man over closely, Sundance mumbled surlily, "You're no damned sheepherder."

"What makes you say that?" asked the stranger nervously.

"New boots with no wear on the soles, for one thing. A sheepherder walks a lot—you're a rider, not a walker. You're not a sheepherder. You're a gawd-damned Pinkerton! I could smell you clear across the room!"

The stranger suddenly reached for a gun under a flap of his coat, but too late. Says Joe: "Sundance drew his six-shooter and fired before the man even put his hand on the butt of his gun. I've never seen anything like it, and I've known some professional fast-draws on the wild west show circuit."

An inquest was held at the saloon

within the hour before Justice of the Peace George Solomon; "Sol" was a close friend of Butch and Sundance, and the outcome of the inquest was never in doubt. Joe later recalled:

"The inquest turned into an all-night drinking party. The dead man was laid out on a table in the middle of the room while toasts were made over him. As daylight drew near, somebody suggested that maybe it was time for an official verdict. Judge Solomon made a speech and rendered his verdict, saying, 'I hereby find that the deceased came to his death by gunshot wound inflicted by a party or parties unknown, and the official record will state that the deceased died by suicide, for being stupid enough to believe he could beat the other party to the draw!'"

As soon as the sun had risen, Sundance boosted the body off the table and carried it outside and unceremoniously dumped it on the ground. Seeing Joe standing there watching, he turned to the boy and said, "Bury him."

Joe tied his neckerchief around the dead man's hands and with great effort lugged the body across the foot bridge to a patch of sagebrush across the line in Wyoming and buried him. Coming back to the saloon Sundance confronted him about whether the job was done, and Joe assured him it was.

"Where's your neckerchief?" Sundance asked. Joe told him he had left it tied to the dead man's hands.

"Damn it, Kid, get back there and dig him up! Don't you know they can trace that neckerchief back to you? Don't come back without it!"

In 1975 Cowboy Joe took me to the grave. As we stood at the site, amidst the sagebrush, Joe took off his hat and said, "I don't know whether or not he was a Pinkerton. But he was a man, and he needs to be remembered."

Not long after, Butch and Sundance returned to South America. Joe wanted to go along, but Butch lectured him on remaining on the right side of the law and doing something constructive with his life.

Joe lived for a long time with my paternal grandfather, William C. Boren, and Linwood, Utah, and then went to work for my maternal grandfather, Willard Schofield, as a sheepherder. The latter job nearly got him hanged.

There was a sheep and cattle range war going on along Henry's Fork. The

cattlemen resented the *woolies* on their cattle range and emphasized their distaste by violence. My grandfather Schofield had been shot at Sawmill Springs on Phil Mass Mountain, and not long after that a sheepherder named Ernest Garside was murdered.

Then one day about twenty cattlemen caught Joe riding alone up Henry's Fork, and started to string him up to a lofty cottonwood tree. Joe was terrified of hanging, having already witnessed two of them in his young life. As he was literally lifted from the back of his horse and was strangling to death at the end of the rope, "Willard Schofield came along and cut the rope and backed down more than twenty men—it took more guts than I have ever seen, and he saved my life."

Realizing that he could no longer remain in that part of the country, Joe said final farewells and rode away. It was now late 1909, and Joe was barely fifteen. After wandering briefly and aimlessly, he met the famous frontiersman *Pawnee Bill* (Gordon W. Lillie) who induced him to join the famous Miller Brothers 101 Wild West Show. Under the tutelage of Colonel Joe Miller and his brother Zack, Joe's career as a showman blossomed, and his life entered a new phase.

Joe—now known as Cowboy Joe—became renowned as a rodeo performer. He became acquainted with some of the best in the business: Tom Mix, Art Acord, Johnnie Mullens, Yakima Canutt, to name but a few. This became his occupation for the next decade of his life and continued off-and-on into his old age.

"While riding in the 101 Wild West Show at the San Francisco World's Exposition in 1915," Joe said, "I had just made a spectacular ride on a bucking steer while shooting my six-shooter into the air, when a dressed up cowhand jumped over the fence and into the arena and complimented me on my ride."

"He said my old boss thought I had improved since he had last seen me. Looking up in the audience in the direction the cowboy was pointing, everyone leaving now that the performance was over, Butch, with that big bright smile he often displayed, threw up his arm so I could locate him. He didn't appear to want to carry the incident further."

After the show Joe hurried back to the tent of Buffalo Bill, behind the main arena where Cody was entertaining Wyatt Earp.



Joe burst into the tent, exclaiming excitedly, "You will never guess who I just saw in the grandstands—Butch Cassidy!" Earp became flushed with anger, spouting, "Damn it to hell, you can't go around blurting things like that. What's the matter with you, boy? Ain't you got any sense? We know he's here, but we don't go around advertising it."

Joe was confused. He thought Wyatt Earp was a former lawman, and couldn't understand his attitude. He told him so. Wyatt thereby informed Joe that he and Butch were long-time friends, and had been partners in a gold mine in Alaska in 1912. "Besides," said Earp matter-of-factly, "outlaws are not born outlaws—they are made."

Cowboy Joe's life thereafter was long and varied. In 1924 he was appointed an agent of the U. S. Department of Justice, and as such was one of J. Edgar Hoover's original FBI agents. Some years later, Joe was awarded a commemorative plaque by President Truman, thus honoring him for that distinction. He remained an agent, though inactive, from 1924 until his death in 1978 at the age of 84.

Joe did much stunt work and stand-in work in early movies. Notably, he and his friend Slim Pickens did the stunt work for the John Ford production of *Stagecoach*, filmed in 1939 in and around Monument Valley. This was the first western ever made with John Wayne as star. Joe even played a bit part in the film.

I had an opportunity back in the early 1970s to become involved with Cowboy Joe in an intrigue. Then there was a nationwide search for Patty Hearst, daughter of multi-millionaire William Hearst, who had been kidnapped by the Symbionese Liberation Army (SLA).

Joe discovered that Miss Hearst and her captors were camped adjacent to his ranch in Lassen County, California, and allowing their dogs to run free, causing some concern among neighboring stock owners. When he approached them about it, Patty Hearst slipped him a message.

For some years Joe had been feuding with local authorities over corruption in the sheriff's and county attorney's offices. He dared not go to them for assistance, so he called upon his connections as a retired FBI agent to notify officials in San Francisco. At the same time, Joe called me and asked me to send a telegram to Patty's parents, concerning her message to them,

which I did. It was an interesting adventure, albeit my part in the affair was minor. Patty Hearst was recovered in San Francisco shortly thereafter, and I have always suspected it was due to Cowboy Joe's intervention.

In 1973 I founded the National Center and Association for Outlaw-Lawman History (NOLA) at Utah State University. As the founder and first president, I brought together several *outlaw* relations with some lawmen who once pursued them. Here was Lula Parker Betenson, sister of Butch Cassidy; Marvel Lay Murdock, daughter of Elzy Lay; Boyo and Joyce Warner, children of Matt Warner; with William C. Linn, Vice President of Pinkerton's Detective Agency, and Joseph Cowley, brother of FBI man Sam Cowley, who had been gunned down by Baby Face Nelson. Of course, here also was my old friend Cowboy Joe Marsters, and his lovely little wife, Nellie. Joe was the hit of our banquet held June 10, 1974.

On the following year our Outlaw-Lawman Association held a rendezvous at Vernal and Brown's Park, and again Cowboy Joe was the central attraction. He was the Grand Marshal of the rodeo parade at Vernal that year, and had the opportunity to retrace some old trails in Brown's Park, where once he had rode side-by-side with his old boss, Butch Cassidy.

From 1976-1981 I was also following the Outlaw Trail—co-narrating a film documentary with Robert Redford, and helping him write his book on the topic. Redford, it may be remembered, was the actor who portrayed The Sundance Kid in the 1969 movie that made him famous. Part of this time I was pursuing research in Central America. While I was away in 1978, my old friend Cowboy Joe Marsters passed away and was buried on his ranch near Doyle, California.

So it was with some delight that I heard through Mr. Clyde Dykes of the discovery of Joe's grave. Mr. Dykes, as it happens, is founder of a local historical society at Doyle. Inasmuch as I was formerly chairman of the Utah's Governor's Commission on Historic Sites and Preservation, Mr. Dykes and yours truly are combining our efforts to have Cowboy Joe's grave registered as a California Historical Site. Any friend of Butch's is a friend of mine.



## MAN, I NEED A JOB!

*Continued from page 9*

help. If you are on positive terms with a prison counselor or teacher, he or she may be willing to help you get some information.

### Apply as the Ideal Client

Your goal is to be screened IN (accepted), not OUT (rejected), with minimum hassles and frustration. You want to make it easy for them to help you.

The secret is to fit yourself to their guidelines. Never expect them to fit what they do to suit you. This doesn't mean you have to lie, but you may be able to describe yourself in a different way depending on what you need. Instead of an ex-offender, you may be seen as "someone handicapped by an institutional experience," or as "someone needing vocational training or treatment for a substance abuse problem," or perhaps as "a single parent needing child care."

This is a time when you need to be honest and up front. Forget the "poor me" approach; nobody has time to listen. Just keep your story short and to the point. Try to make a friend who will take an interest in you. People help other people best when they care about them.

### Be Persistent

Things can get tough while you are trying to fit your needs to the agency's guidelines. It's easy to get upset when you hit problems and delays. Remember, there are no instant solutions; patience is required. When you keep cool and try a different approach, it often works.

You must stand up for yourself if you believe you are being treated rudely or unfairly. But remember that the goal is to score, not to vent your anger. In short, be firm but stay in control of your emotions. It may be wise to deal with another staff person or speak with the supervisor.

Getting help from social service agencies takes a lot of energy and self-control. Don't just lay back and wait for miracles to happen. You need to do as much as possible on your own while looking for help. Keep pushing on all fronts and never give up.

### Follow Through

Why go through all of the above if you aren't going to finish? If you need to fill out



more forms, do it. Another appointment to make, do it. Yet another person to see, another phone call to make? **Do it!** And do it now so things will keep happening.

After all the time and sweat put into getting help in the community, you've got to make positive use of what you've learned. Progress is a wonderful rush.

### **Remember to Say Thanks**

When someone helps you they need and deserve to know the results and that you appreciate their efforts. Even if you don't get exactly what you hoped for, it's special when someone cares enough to try or treats you with respect. Therefore, you should always remember to say thank you, both after the event and later on when you've prospered from their efforts and good intentions.

### **Duty to Those Who Support Us**

There ain't no free lunch! Good relationships are two-way streets: if we take, we must be prepared to give. Often what we must give is our willingness to be honest, keep our word, and do our best.

When we accept someone's trust and love, we take upon ourselves a debt of honor. In short, we accept the responsibility of meeting our promises and commitments in order to do right by the people who have helped us. If we view someone who trusts us as a chump or sucker—just another mark—then we destroy any hope of a meaningful relationship, of shared respect or self-respect. There isn't much satisfaction in being a vulture. All in all, that's a dull life.

As people become more stable and secure in their daily lives, they find less need to be takers. Instead, they begin to look for ways to help others. Many find volunteer work amazingly rewarding because it serves two goals: it lets us give back to the community, while doing a lot for our self-respect and quality of life. It's a wonderful feeling to pass on to others the trust and help that was granted to us. It's the best way to say, "Thanks!"

### **Strive for Independence**

While it's totally OK to seek help to survive and grow, the last thing we want to do is become dependent on someone else. Looking to someone else to save us or fix

us is a dead end. No one can live our lives for us. No matter what our current status, our final goal is independence. The better we can control our own fate, the better we feel about everything, especially ourselves.

Many of us come from backgrounds where other people and things had more control over us than we did over ourselves. Existing under such conditions, at home or in a cell, can be hell on earth. It may have led to some form of self-destructive or addictive behavior, or just a lack of caring and sense of hopelessness.

However, there are ways to recover, to be truly free. The goal is to become your own best friend. To stand up and develop your own dignity and self-respect. Always remember that YOU are the foundation of your life and future. Your health and emotional balance must be your number one priorities. Anything or anyone that distracts you from this fact is acting against your best interest.

## **THE POPPY**

*Continued from page 11*

rising, China was drained of silver, and the emperor decreed drastic countermeasures. He sent an incorruptible commissioner, Lin Tschui, who took foreign merchants in Canton hostage until they turned over all their stored opium. He destroyed it. Thereupon the British sent warships and many, many troops. The Chinese defenders were crushed.

Results of the fateful Opium War were the Treaty of Nanking, 1842, giving Hong Kong to Britain, plus vast indemnity payments and the opening of more ports to foreigners. Eventually, foreign-ruled enclaves, or *concessions*—British, French, German—established themselves on China's front door.

A lasting bitterness developed in China—a virulent ingredient in the social and political ferment that would one day lead to one of the most momentous upheaval of the twentieth century.

In Canton, now called Guangzhou, there are fine establishments where foreign merchants used to ply their trade. On Thirteen Trading Company Street, where many such establishments once stood, there are now parks, cultural centers that offer Chinese opera, chess, Go—a form of chess played with colored stones or marbles—video arcades, and even anti-corruption exhibits.

A three hours drive to the southeast

near Taiping, close to the mouth of the Pearl River, now called the Zhu, there's a place called the Resist British Imperialism Museum. At this site Commissioner Lin had two large basins dug on what is called Human Beach; the confiscated opium—1,126,681 kilos from the British, 64,446 from the Americans—was put in with a large portion of lime and buried. What was left was flushed out to sea. The museum director says the Opium War marks the beginning of modern Chinese history. He also pointed out a famous quote from Chairman Mao, "The start of the Chinese people's revolution against imperialism and feudalism begins now."

Outside the museum hundreds of school children regularly arrive with flags, trumpets, and drums. Before a commemorative obelisk, a teacher barks out commands. All freeze in place for three minutes of silence. Then a troop of ten year olds, wearing red scarves of the *Young Pioneers*, recites a poem honoring heroes of the Opium War: "Our red color," they chant, "is dyed by your death blood..." All present pledge allegiance to the motherland and to the Communist Party, then march off to tour the fort that fired in vain against the British men-of-war.

## **PRINTING THE SPM**

*Continued from page 12*

quality prints at the prison. (A dot-matrix printer has the ability to print about 100 dots per square inch; laser printers use about 300 hundred. This graphic imager has the ability to print 2400 dots per square inch.) The imager prints direct to negatives that are used to transfer images onto the light-sensitive metal plates used by the printing presses. Before these plates can be made, the negatives for each page are stripped onto a paper mask in the correct printing order. This two-page mask is then transferred to the metal plate for printing. Each plate is set up to have two pages per side so that each plate can be used for four of the magazine's pages. When one side has been printed, the pressman simply flips the plate to run the next two-page set. The printing usually takes about two days. From there they go to the bindery where the large, 11 x 17" sheets, containing four pages, are folded in half and sent to the collating area.

At this point things can get pretty hectic, and often the Plate Plant workers are enlisted to collate the magazine's pages.



After collating, the magazine is again sent to the bindery, where it is stitched (stapled through the back) and trimmed on a large cutter to a uniform size. The Print Shop then delivers the magazine to the USP warehouse, which in turn sends it to the Oquirrh gym office. That's where we count the copies and deliver them to individual blocks.

Each month inmates contribute many hours of time and sweat creating their work for the magazine. At least fifteen people in the Print Shop are part of producing the *SouthPoint* magazine, and we'd like to express our thanks to them and the staff who help make this minor creation. Keep those submissions coming! If there is a problem getting your material to the *SouthPoint*, send a letter to Ron Kelly at Inmate Services.

## PRINT SHOP SUPERVISOR

*Continued from page 12*

community is one of our main goals here at the print shop," Adrian said. "If a fellow wants to come out here and apply himself,

he'll have a good skill that can take care of him when he gets out. And if he has another trade or craft, he can always fall back on the printing trade if things are slow in his chosen trade." Adrian went on to say that two men currently heading out the door have already been placed in community print shops. Jeff Ellis and James Wise will be able to tell their parole officer exactly where they work the day they leave the prison.

UCi's Print Shop is currently jam-packed into the back of the UCI warehouse in the Wasatch facility, turning growth into a questionable issue. "We're looking at expanding, but we're not quite sure where we're going to find the space to do so." He went on to say that the storage area for furniture ready to leave the prison is one of the options for growth.

Fun for Adrian is having the snowmobiles tuned up and ready to go on August 16! He enjoys spending time with his wife, Clara Mae, at the cabin in Fairview. Cruising the snowmobiles up to Wolf Creek with his five children and six grandchildren just adds icing to the cake.

Ade asked us at the *SouthPoint* magazine to tell all inmates that the printing industry is a good trade for anyone. He goes over the applications personally trying to find the best candidates for open positions. Persistence and determination are two of the qualities he looks for, so if you don't hear back from him the first time you apply, keep trying! There will be a six month learning period followed by about eighteen more months of training just to get the knack of printing.

Give it a shot, fellas. Printing might keep you from returning to this wonderful hotel.

## EDITOR'S NOTES

*Continued from page 2*

Sign Shop and their minimum wages.

In December look for more on Acupressure from Bret Etterlein, a story from Steve that won't short-circuit your Christmas toys, a brief look at Corrections five-year plan, and a verbal map to locate gold in the "Lost Rhoades Mines" from Kerry. Careful, there is a curse imbedded in the clues; make sure your life insurance is current before you start hiking.

### November 1992

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
		Election Day				
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	Veterans Day	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	Thanksgiving Day	27	28
29	30					

Up to a point a man's life is shaped by environment, heredity, and movements and changes in the world about him; then comes a time when it lies within his grasp to shape the clay of his life into the sort of things he wishes to be. Only the weak blame parents, their race, their times, lack of good fortune, or the quirks of fate. Everyone has it within his power to say, "This I am today, that I shall be tomorrow." The wish, however, must be implemented by deeds.—from the *Walking Drum* by Louis L'Amour